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FLOYD BENNETT was a splendid air pilot. He guided Byrd's plane on the flight to the North Pole and he served the navy well. Probably he is more deserving of burial at Arlington than many already there, but this honor was bestowed upon him not because of his achievements but because of a maudlin and spurious newspaper ballyhoo which insisted that at the time of his death he was engaged in an heroic relief expedition when in fact he was hired for a publicity stunt. The aviators on Greenly Island had all they needed of food, clothing, and shelter; they were in no danger whatever. The North American Newspaper Alliance, in trying to reach them, was engaged in a competitive news race, not a humanitarian venture, and it pulled Bennett out of a sick bed to add prestige to the scheme. Poor Bennett! Probably the pressure upon him, financial and otherwise, was such that he could not refuse to go, and his death en route was pathetic. But the newspaper-led sentimentality over his fate is depressing when one remembers that every few months an aviator in the air-mail service is killed in the line of duty, receives an obituary of a couple of paragraphs, and is forgotten. There are more heroes than ever march up Fifth Avenue or are buried in Arlington cemetery.

NOW THAT HARRY F. SINCLAIR has been acquitted of conspiring against the government in the lease of Teapot Dome, Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, has come out with information which he had concealed when testifying before the Senate committee investigating the subject. On February 2, last, Mr. Stewart appeared before the Public Lands Committee of the Senate and said in regard to the profits of the Continental Trading Company: "I do not know anything about the bonds. . . . I did not personally receive any of these bonds." On April 24—after the Sinclair trial was over—Mr. Stewart was again a witness in Washington and admitted that he had received $795,500 of Continental Trading Company money in Liberty bonds. The bonds were kept in hiding until Sinclair's acquittal, when they were turned over to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. It will be interesting to observe what John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who recently objected a little —but not quite enough—to Mr. Stewart's reelection as head of the Indiana company will do now.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD is making another effort to check the wild stock market. In January it withdrew $225,000,000 cash from the open money market by the sale of government securities held in the reserve banks. But speculation still mounted higher. In February the reserve-bank rediscount rates were raised from 3½ to 4 per cent. The market was checked, but only for the moment; and in March and April the speculative frenzy reached utterly unprecedented peaks. Shipments of gold abroad, while primarily motivated by other causes, also were probably expected to exercise a dampening effect. Now the reserve banks in Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Richmond, and Minneapolis have raised their rediscount rates from 4 to 4½ per cent, and New York brokers are preparing for similar action in that city. Obviously the action is intended as a sort of public warning. It ought to start some of the more conservative Wall Street men upon a policy of "realizing sales." If it does not, the country may well inquire whether the much-vaunted Federal Reserve system really provides an adequate check upon excessive speculation. The figures for brokers' loans are perilously high.

NEW BEDFORD'S cotton-mill dividend-rate, "figured for the past ten years . . . is $11.27 per share." This datum appeared in the *Textile World* for February 4, shortly before the wage reductions sent 30,000 workers on strike. "At least 15 New Bedford cotton-mill corporations have never missed paying dividends since they started paying them, covering a period of 14 to 36 years," the same trade journal informs us. In 1927 18 out of the 23 mills paid dividends, "one disbursing as high as $32, another $28, and a third $12." The Pierce Manufacturing Company has maintained the rate of $32 per share since 1923. But in the New Bedford *Times* of April 26 one learns that, according to the statistics of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, the average weekly earnings of textile workers in New Bedford in 1927 was $19.95. This is not half of the amount required in New Bedford to maintain a "minimum health-and-decency budget"—$2,200 a year. Naturally the striking operatives are already dependent on relief. The unions are caring for

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the 8,000 union members. The other 22,000 must be aided by the city; however, John J. Gobell, member of the Welfare Board, has warned the strikers that "no help will be given to any who have automobiles, who own property, or who have money in the bank or in Christmas or vacation clubs."

POINCARE WON a somewhat ambiguous victory in the French elections. The multiplicity and mobility of French political parties make precise computation almost impossible, but it is evident that in the new Parliament the Premier may count upon a safe majority of 100 votes for his financial policies. On the other hand, he must continue to let Aristide Briand run the Foreign Office, or lose votes which are his only on domestic issues. Under the French system, a candidate must have a majority of all the votes cast in order to be elected at the first vote. Since there are often half a dozen candidates, a second vote is usually necessary. In the week between the two votes most of the candidates retire, leaving the two high men to fight it out; but before retiring they and their parties bargain, and throw their support accordingly. This year the hostility between Socialists and Communists was so bitter that they refused to retire in each other's favor, even when the continued fight meant throwing the election to a Conservative; and the result was that although these two left-wing parties cast more votes than before they elected fewer deputies. The Right gained in consequence. Leon Blum, the competent but uninspiring Socialist leader, was defeated, as was Paul Vaillant-Couturier, the artist-editor of the Communist daily. The discontent in Alsace will, for the first time, find expression in the Chamber at Paris; four outspoken Autonomists—Catholic conservatives, supported in the second vote by the Communists!—won seats.

THE JAPANESE are being sharply watched in China. They have landed a force of 5,000 men to "protect their nationals" at Tsingtao, in Shantung, and they have sent three companies of infantry inland to Tsinanfu. This looks more like an assertion of special rights in the province of Shantung than genuine protection of Japanese lives. Americans, with the marines in Nicaragua, hardly have cause to complain of Japan's course in China, but the Chinese are bound by no such scruples. The old story of anti-Japanese boycotts is repeating itself. Already there have been anti-Japanese riots in Amoy in the South and demonstrations in Shanghai and other Northern cities. Both the Northern and Southern governments have protested vigorously against the Japanese action. Feeling is running high, and unless the Japanese keep their troops exceedingly quiet, so that they cannot be accused of interfering with the campaign against Chang Tso-lin—whom they clearly aided in 1925 and again in 1927—the boycott is likely to spread. The allied Nationalist armies are reported nearing Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, which marks their most northerly advance. If they can hold Tsinanfu, Peking will not be safe for Chang Tso-lin.

BRITAIN HAS HER EGYPT to match Japan's North China and our own Nicaragua. But the British manners seem to be, if possible, worse than Japan's and as bad as our own; and there is no protesting party in the British Parliament. It was when the Liberal leader, David Lloyd George, was Premier that Britain performed one of the great publicity stunts of the last decade. She "granted independence" to Egypt, and got credit for a fine, liberal act; but the "independence" was limited by the fact that the British reserved to their own "absolute discretion" the four most important questions of the security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt (meaning of the Suez Canal); the defense of Egypt; the protection of foreign interests in Egypt and the protection of minorities; and the Sudan. One of Ramsay MacDonald's greatest failures was in the effort to settle this Egyptian question; he found Foreign Office precedents too strong for him. So the Labor Party, like the Liberals, is compromised. And now the Conservative Government, which has already had several brushes with the Egyptians, has gone at it again. Five warships were ordered from Malta to Alexandria; there was talk of seizing the Egyptian customs. Why? Simply because the British, in their own majestic judgment, had concluded that the Public Assemblies Bill pending before the Egyptian Parliament permitted such liberty of speech and assembly as to threaten the protection of foreign interests, which is one of the reserved topics. The Egyptians a month ago gave assurance of their intention to protect foreigners; but the British, dissatisfied, insisted upon writing their civil-rights bills for them. And, of course, the Egyptian Parliament had to surrender.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WRANGEL may be taken as a symbol of the end of hope among the opponents of the Soviet Government of Russia. Of all the White generals, this Baltic baron held out most stoutly. After Kolchak was dead, after Denikin was in exile, he fought on, and founded in the Crimea a government of a sort which was recognized and partly financed by France. The peace signed by Russia and Poland made it possible for the Soviet Government to swing the Red Army south into the Crimean peninsula; and soon Wrangel's undisciplined horde was in flight. The survivors flowed into Constantinople and afterward spread over the face of the world. The civil war was ended. But Wrangel in exile continued to plan and negotiate for help and support against a Russia too strong to worry about him. And now this last White Hope is dead, while the Soviet Government lives on.

BELGIUM IS BEGINNING TO SEE the wastefulness and the folly of maintaining a standing army to protect itself from foreign attack. It has therefore been proposed to the Parliamentary Army Commission to reduce the army to a militia, to abolish all cavalry and the use of horses in any military connection, and to substitute motor transportation. In place of the present system, such of the able-bodied men as might be called up would be given four months of training in the district in which they live. This would mean the abolition of all barracks, except for a small professional staff, and result in a tremendous saving. Moreover, the recruits could give all their time to training since they would not have to spend a considerable portion of it in peeling potatoes and cleaning rooms and stables. The dispatches report that no such radical plan is likely to be adopted at once, but that eventually some scheme like this will surely be worked out. This is as it should be. If it was impossible for the Belgian army to hold up the Germans, it will be even more impossible for it to hold up the French, or the British, or the Germans in any future war, because of the increasing use of poison gas, monster guns,

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clouds of airplanes, swarms of tanks, and all the rest of the modern paraphernalia of war. Disarmament in Belgium would inevitably mean disarmament in Holland, where there is a strong sentiment against the needless waste of defense expenditures when no defense is possible. Denmark and Norway are also about ready to fall into line.

SECRETARY KELLOGG went a long way toward meeting the French reservations to his plan to outlaw war in his address before the American Society of International Law on April 27. The French, he said, held

> that the treaty must not (1) impair the right of legitimate self-defense; (2) violate the Covenant of the League of Nations; (3) violate the treaties of Locarno; (4) violate certain unspecified treaties guaranteeing neutrality; (5) bind the parties in respect of a state breaking the treaty; (6) come into effect until accepted by all or substantially all of the Powers of the world.

The right of self-defense, he said, was "implicit in every treaty," and each nation must itself judge "whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." He asserted that "the Covenant imposes no affirmative primary obligation to go to war"—an interpretation of Article X with which the French may not agree. He thought that the Locarno treaties were in full accord with the spirit of his proposed treaty—but here again he may find the French jealously recalling that the Locarno treaties are designed not merely to assure peace but also to guarantee execution of certain clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. He said he was not informed regarding the French neutrality treaties, but was sure that the French could, if they so desired, persuade the neutralized states to join the anti-war compact. He accepted fully the French contention that violation of the agreement by one Power must automatically release the other Powers from their obligations with respect to the offender; but he felt that if the six Great Powers agreed upon a form of treaty it was not necessary to wait for all the lesser nations to sign on the dotted line. Meanwhile Germany has come forward with an enthusiastic indorsement of the American program; and the British have asked for more time to study it and consult with the Dominions.

WE DECLINE TO ADMIT that the much-touted Alfred Lowenstein, "the Belgian Croesus," has outdistanced all our American rich men. True, he offered to lend his government $50,000,000 at a nominal rate of interest when it was in difficulties in the financing of the Belgian Congo, but our multimillionaires have lent much more to their government at more than twice the rate of interest. Who is the smarter? Nor are we impressed by his arrival in New York with a personal staff of fifteen secretaries and stenographers, a private detective, a chauffeur, and his private aviator. That may be good publicity stuff, and so, too, is the report that he has two Pullman airplanes in which he dictates simultaneously to four secretaries while his nails are being manicured—or was his hair being cut? But when it comes to the real thing, we have some millionaires of our own. Take the genial gentleman from Pittsburgh who recently took sixty-four guests from America to dine with him in Paris in celebration of his silver-wedding anniversary. His guests

> partook of an elaborate banquet composed of the choicest morsels of French cuisine accompanied by wine bottled before Pittsburgh was chartered as a city; then listened to a musical entertainment provided by the entire cast of one French theater, and afterward conversed over the long-distance wireless telephone with friends at home at the rate of seventy-five or more dollars for every two minutes. Mr. May provided instruments of the American type so that none of his guests would lose a second of their expensive talks through wrestling with the unfamiliar French equipment. The lowest estimate which has been heard of the cost of entertaining this party and bringing it to France is $100,000.

Where does this leave the presumptuous millionaire from Belgium? He spent only $30,000 on his steamship fares and a beggarly $3,000 on radio messages while he was at sea.

ANOTHER OF THE FEW independent newspapers died when the Seattle *Union Record* suspended publication on February 18. It was the last of the war-born labor dailies and leaves only Victor Berger's Socialist Milwaukee *Leader* and the Communist New York *Daily Worker* in the field. The *Union Record* started publication as a daily April 24, 1918, during the shipyard boom. The Seattle Central Labor Council owned the controlling stock, but in 1925, the American Free Press, Inc., most of the stock of which was owned by the editors, took it over. Early in 1928 the paper went into a friendly receivership and, appeals to its readers for operating funds failing, suspended. The *Union Record* gained nation-wide publicity during the Seattle general strike; for a time its circulation was the largest in the Northwest. During the war and reconstruction period it wielded a powerful influence in western Washington. It stopped a union-smashing campaign backed by large employers, and achieved a measure of industrial peace in Seattle. To the end it remained a clean and liberal newspaper; but its history is a disappointment to those who saw in organized labor the hope of a free press. Its guiding genius, E. B. Ault, said in his last editorial that

> Trade unions are organized for the purpose of fighting the boss for a little more of the product of industry, and found themselves incapable of operating a daily newspaper or any other business enterprise.

GREAT IS THE TABLOID—in its power to gain circulation. The half-yearly circulation figures of April 1 show that the New York *Daily News* has now reached the astounding figure of 1,226,561 readers on week-days, and 1,416,582 on Sundays. Mr. Macfadden's *Graphic* has risen to 297,584, all achieved in three years' time. Only Mr. Hearst's tabloid *Mirror* showed a decrease in circulation, from 449,369 to 432,440 for the six months ending April 1. This may have had something to do with Mr. Hearst's sale of it and his Boston tabloid, the *Advertiser*, to Alexander P. Moore. At the same time, Mr. Hearst put out of its misery his third tabloid, the Baltimore *American*—it had been a tabloid only three months. He thus definitely acknowledges himself beaten in this field and gives it up as a bad job. Of the old-line, standard-size New York dailies, the *Times* continues its growth, showing a gain of 17,400 readers. The *Herald Tribune* gained 3,391, while the *World* stood still, and the *Evening World* lost 12,000. Mr. Hearst's *American* also shows a decrease of 13,221, while his *Evening Journal* has just held its own. In the rest of the evening field both the *Sun* and the *Evening Post* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* have shown good gains. But it cannot be said that the progress of the old-fashioned dailies has been encouraging.

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An Issueless Campaign

THAT is what we appear to be in for—a campaign in which the two leading candidates will contest for the purpose of seeing who can best conceal his views from the public. True, Senator Borah is the exception. He is outspoken in declaring that there are two great issues—corruption and prohibition. We agree with him and are at one with him in wishing that they might be put to the forefront from now until election day. But there are many other issues of moment to the American people upon which we should like to have a clear-cut contest. Thus far in this prenomination campaign there has been a deliberate conspiracy of silence. When Senator Borah wrote to Herbert Hoover and asked him what attitude he would take on the question of prohibition Mr. Hoover replied that while he would answer this question, he did not propose to answer any more questions that might be put to him unless he chose to do so and he did not choose to do so. Similarly, Governor Smith's advisers have successfully kept him from talking on national topics. It was announced a few weeks ago that when he formally threw his hat into the ring and announced his candidacy he would give out a comprehensive statement of his position. His hat is in the ring, but the statement remains to be formulated, and his advisers now insist that he shall go to the convention without saying anything clear cut, without one word to justify his claim that he is fit to be President of the United States.

Nor is the situation confined to the two leading candidates for the nominations. The editor of this journal has been contributing to it a series of studies of the candidates, which will be concluded shortly with a sketch of Mr. Dawes. Our readers will have noticed that in one after another of these it has been necessary to say that on vital public issues, and especially on foreign questions, the record-book of the candidates is blank. Yet foreign issues should be of enormous importance in this campaign. There is the question of our policy in the Caribbean, there are questions of the League of Nations, the World Court, reparations, and the all-overshadowing issue of world peace. It does not border upon the impertinent to ask Mr. Hoover, for instance, how he now stands on those issues. His friends have let it be known that he has abandoned the support of the Wilson doctrines which he championed so ardently from 1919 to 1921. Well, if that is the case, why is not the electorate entitled to know before the convention how he stands? It used to be the custom in the United States for men to present themselves for the Presidency because they stood for something. Now, apparently, the habit is to present oneself as a candidate standing for nothing, with one's mouth padlocked—in fear lest a single definite word slip out that might cost a vote. Nobody knows where Mr. Lowden stands on anything except the farm issue. Mr. Dawes hides his present-day thoughts on the plea that friendship compels him to support Mr. Lowden as long as Mr. Lowden is in the field. Mr. Curtis never was guilty of having an original idea or standing for anything that was not written for him in the party platform. Senator Norris, out of modesty, and the feeling that his candidacy is hopeless, has refrained from speech-making, but all the world knows how he stands. Senator Norris has never side-stepped an issue.

Well, we are told that all this will end just as soon as the nominations are made, and that then Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, if they are chosen, will make the welkin ring. How can we be sure of this? Mr. Hoover once advised all Republicans who wanted to put this country in the League of Nations to vote for Mr. Harding. He never again has referred to the subject. It may be possible to smoke him out as to whether he still believes in the League of Nations, but as for heckling him on the innumerable other questions on which a Presidential candidate ought to take his position, there is obviously no question of that. He cannot face an audience or make a speech except over the radio. Governor Smith will, we have no doubt, take advantage of his own gay volubility and tour the country, but the rank and file of the Democratic Party and the public generally are not to be allowed to know before the nomination whether he has any opinions on current topics of interest or not. The cowardice of it! It is not simply a device to hurt nobody's feelings, but it is intended, as the New York *World* points out, to encourage people to interpret each candidate's silence as favoring their own various views. Anybody may believe what he wants about Governor Smith's attitude on the Caribbean, the inter-Allied debts, the tariff, or the World Court; the Governor does not say where he stands.

This may be good politics, but we very much doubt it. The bulk of the American people are getting profoundly tired of pussy-footing politicians who talk a great deal and stand for nothing. If proof of this is needed we point to the scanty total vote in recent Presidential elections. Governor Smith's Catholicism may bring to the polls many thousands who of late years have stayed away from lack of interest, but certainly nothing that he has said to date on national or international issues can have moved throngs to count the days until they could cast their ballots for him. Similarly, the multitude of editors, and the hundreds of thousands of Republicans who have thus far favored Mr. Hoover in the primaries are certainly not doing so because of anything that Mr. Hoover has said since he became an active candidate for the nomination.

The *World* is inclined to think that the advisers of the several candidates may plausibly contend that in the case of Messrs. Hoover and Smith the policy of silence has paid. We cannot, we repeat, believe that in the long run this will prove to be the case. Great will be the disappointment of those who have voted for Mr. Hoover believing that he stood for one thing when they discover—and some of them are bound to find it out—that he does not stand where they thought he did. This is not government in the open. This is not taking the public into one's confidence. This is not being frank and above-board. This is a policy of cowardice tinged with the element of deceit. It is un-American and unworthy. It is seeking to obtain the nomination by methods to which the truly great men in American history refused to descend. It is a bad innovation, and the successful contenders will in consequence have to conduct their campaign under the handicap of the just charge that for political advantage they were ready to hide their opinions until the prizes were in their grasp. We consider it moral pusillanimity.

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Stampeded

THE Senate of the United States was to vote on April 25 on a series of resolutions calling for the withdrawal of the marines from Nicaragua. That morning the newspapers flamed, from Atlantic to Pacific, with headlines: "American Murdered by Nicaraguan Bandits." "George B. Marshall of New York, assistant manager of the La Luz y Los Angeles gold mine, who was captured by Sandinistas, was reported today to have been murdered," said the New York *Times* in a copyright dispatch from Harold Denny, its special correspondent in Managua; and the Associated Press carried a similar story. Mr. Denny added that one of Sandino's generals had "orders to behead all Americans."

It worked. The Senate voted down the resolutions. Senator Copeland of New York said:

> It must be mawkish sentimentality on our part if we seek to bring back the marines when there is such a situation in Nicaragua that a citizen of the United States engaged in a legitimate occupation should be taken out and murdered by the rebels. . . . Instead of talking now about taking the marines out by the first of February we should be indicating to the rebels there that we are going to keep the marines there until the life of every American citizen is guaranteed against such a murderous attack as this.

Senator Bruce wanted the decks cleared for action. And Senator Borah—yes, Senator Borah voted against the Norris amendment to withdraw the marines by February—said:

> It is that class of things which necessitates action by the President to protect life and property in countries where those things happen.

Senator Norris bravely expressed doubts of the authenticity of the dispatches, but, after all, he could only doubt; and the false dispatches had their effect. The President's policy in Nicaragua was upheld.

The next morning, too late to undo the effect of the lies, came the true story. It was not sensational; it did not make the front pages of the newspapers. Probably most of the American people who think anything about it at all still believe that Marshall was killed. On April 27 an Associated Press dispatch from Puerto Cabezas (which, unlike Managua, marine-corps headquarters, whence the false reports emanated, is close to the gold mines) reported that a letter had been received from Marshall, stating that he had been accorded fair treatment by his captors. He was not dead at all! The New York *Times* added a note stating that "the recent reports that Mr. Marshall had been killed by the Sandinistas appear [*sic*] to be refuted by this information."

On the basis of such lies American policy in Nicaragua has been built up. When, on December 23, 1926, the marines were landed in Nicaragua, we were informed officially that there would be "no political intervention"—the action was intended merely to safeguard American lives and property. Later, when it was learned that not an American life or woodshed had been threatened, we were told that the landing was made to safeguard American canal rights. When it developed that both sides in Nicaragua were ardent apostles of an American canal, we were informed that the "leathernecks" were in Nicaragua to make peace and to teach the Nicaraguans how to conduct an honest election! For eleven days after an American admiral had clamped a censorship upon cables and radio messages from the center of Marine Corps operations the State Department daily informed the correspondents that there was no censorship. For two months after the marines had seized a consignment of Liberal arms and munitions and dumped them into a river the State Department denied the report; then an official admitted that the marines had seized Liberal arms and "lost" them crossing a river. When Mr. Stimson last May threatened General Moncada with annihilation if he would not lay down his arms, and offered him $10 a gun if he would, the Washington authorities at first suppressed news of both the threat and the bribe. On May 15, last, Mr. Stimson informed the American people that "the civil war in Nicaragua is now definitely ended"; in October he said that Sandino's following had been "practically dispersed"; and only last week, just before the seizure of the gold mines, we were informed that Sandino had fled across the Honduran border.

Senator after Senator who voted against the Norris amendment stated that he believed we should never have sent the marines into Nicaragua, but now we were in we must stay in. It is the old, old story all over again. Presumably, having voted wrong once, the same Senators will insist on voting wrong again. No one likes to admit that he has been fooled.

The fact is that until the marines arrived Americans in Nicaragua were safe; today every American in Nicaragua is in danger. Marshall is not dead, but twenty-one marines have lost their lives in vain. How many more boys must die before the Senate and the Executive of the United States wake up to their responsibility?

Looking Backward

AMERICA is looking backward. For the first time in her feverish flight she is pausing to survey the route over which she has come. So far she has been like a horse with blinders—seeing only the road ahead of her, following always her nose. The favorite hymn of the country has been "Onward Christian Soldiers"; the object of greatest objurgation has been Lot's Wife.

Up to this time our national life has had only two dimensions—length and breadth. We have been spreading out over new acres and new acres. In the shortest time in history a virgin continent has been settled and subdued. Now, for the first time, we feel that we can stop and view the scene. We are digging in—and down. We are spading up graveyards and rattling old bones; jostling ancient beliefs and disturbing hoary traditions. We are acquiring a third dimension in national life—depth. In literature the new tendency is taking the form of many works on biography and history; in music we are delving into our folk material—collecting the songs of Indians and Negroes, of sailors, cowboys, plowboys, and lumberjacks. We are doubtless just on the threshold of an extensive and intensive study of local history, for which possibly no other country in the world offers such fascinating opportunities.

New York City has begun what other places, too, have started or will shortly initiate—a museum of local history. The time is ripe for this, and it is to be hoped that the effort to establish a model museum in the largest city in the country will meet with wide public support. Paris

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already has a beautiful museum of this type in the Carnavalet. London, Berlin, and Hamburg have their museums of local history. The new museum in New York City does not trespass on the field of any old one. The metropolis already has splendid collections of art, of nature, and of books, but it has no establishment to preserve and exhibit its own past life. The New York Historical Society has been fossilized for years and there is need of a new organization to make the past of the metropolis live for this and future generations. As set forth by the trustees,

> Such a project would include a topographical section with a series of models showing the physical aspect of the city at its various stages of growth from Indian times. The history of New York architecture would be set forth by means of models, prints, and photographs, illustrating the development of municipal and other public buildings, ecclesiastical and commercial structures, private houses, apartment and tenement buildings. The story of the harbor and shipping would include ship models from Indian canoes to modern vessels and material tracing the development of harbor and river transportation, including dockage facilities and bridges. Land transportation would be illustrated by models of ancient stage-coaches, other horse-drawn vehicles, surface cars, elevated railroads, and subways. Memorabilia of the various city departments and important institutions would be collected with the object of showing their chronological growth and their contribution to civic life. A section devoted to the specific contributions of the various heterogeneous nationalities and creeds would illustrate those elements which have given New York its essential character. Ways of living at various periods would be illustrated by typical interiors with costumes and household accessories. The theater collection would include playbills, costumes, and memorabilia of the personages connected with the history of music and drama, as well as other forms of entertainment. Collections illustrating the personalities and significance of the men and women in every field who have contributed to the city's growth would complete the basic intention of the museum collections; to make visual in a comprehensive and arresting manner the story of the city's development and to awaken in the schoolboy and immigrant an understanding and pride in his citizenship.

The Museum of the City of New York is already in existence. It was incorporated five years ago, and in order to show the possibilities of such a project a loan exhibit of "Old New York" was shown in the autumn of 1926. The exhibition was a great success, arousing genuine enthusiasm in the community. The city gave the promoters of the museum the use of the old Gracie Mansion, in Carl Schurz Park on the East River, which was restored, fitted up, and reopened to the public on March 20, 1927. In spite of its inaccessibility, 92,509 persons visited the Gracie Mansion before the close of the year.

New York City has offered the museum a new site, on Fifth Avenue between 103d and 104th Streets, provided the trustees raise $2,000,000 by June 1 of this year, half to go into the construction of a new building—for which a beautiful plan is already drawn—and the rest into an endowment. It is to be hoped that Mr. James Speyer, chairman of the finance committee, who is largely responsible for the movement and has himself given most generously to it, will receive generous and speedy cooperation in raising the needed sum, thus providing a great historical asset to New Yorkers and an inspiration to other communities to do likewise.

Yale vs. Harvard

TWELVE hundred people gathered to watch the New York *Herald Tribune's* national cross-word puzzle championship tournament; but the Harvard and Yale students who fought in the first inter-university competition in English literature bit their pencils, or their fountain-pens, in solitude and silence. It seems to us that the professors who staged this revival of learning as a substitute for, or supplement to, inter-academic athletics lacked a good stage manager. If undergraduates are ever to give nine long rahs for the champion scholar, he will have to come out of the examination-room and perform in public.

There are rumors that the young generation is more scholarship-conscious today than it was in the frivolous days before the war; but even the enthusiastic attendance at Mr. Eugene Tunney's Yale address on Shakespeare does not convince us that Utopia is at hand. Mr. Tunney's lecture proved chiefly that Yale has in William Lyon Phelps one of the greatest salesmen outside the advertising salons today. Mr. Phelps, using Gene Tunney as the copy-writers for face powders and complexion creams use the moving-picture ladies, sold Shakespeare to Yale. It was the best show given this year on the Yale campus. The scholarship tournament had no such genius to stage-manage it; its sponsors, apparently, were hampered by the old-fashioned traditions of scholarship. Harvard should have gone across the river to its School of Business Administration and called in one of its professors of advertising ballyhoo to help.

The object of the William Lowell Putnam Prize Fund for the Promotion of Scholarship, under whose auspices the competition is held, is

> to give college students . . . a feeling that by attaining high rank they are winning glory for their college, a feeling which has hitherto been confined to prowess in athletic sports. . . . The undergraduate likes to work for the success of his college and particularly likes to work for it as one of a team. . . . It seems probable that the competition which has inspired young men to undertake and undergo so much for the sake of athletic victories might accomplish some result in academic fields.

With the aim to raise scholarship to the exalted level on which undergraduates set athletics one can only sympathize. But can the methods of competitive athletics, allied with face-powder salesmanship, conduce to true learning?

If it shall come to pass that Yale men wade into Paradise Lost for the greater glory of Yale, and Harvard men turn the pages of the Canterbury Tales in the hope of pinning an "H" on their smoking-jackets—or whatever the uniform of the scholarship team may come to be—then Milton and Chaucer will have ceased to mean what once they meant. Love of literature can never be competitive, and the man who studies to make the team will be no better than the man whose only goal is a good mark.

The commercialization of university athletics has produced stars, but it has not made for a more vigorous student body; and when forward-looking educators are seeking ways of escape from the evils of spectacular athletic competition it seems strange to introduce those elements into scholarship. The attempt seems to be predicated upon the conviction that popularity means success.

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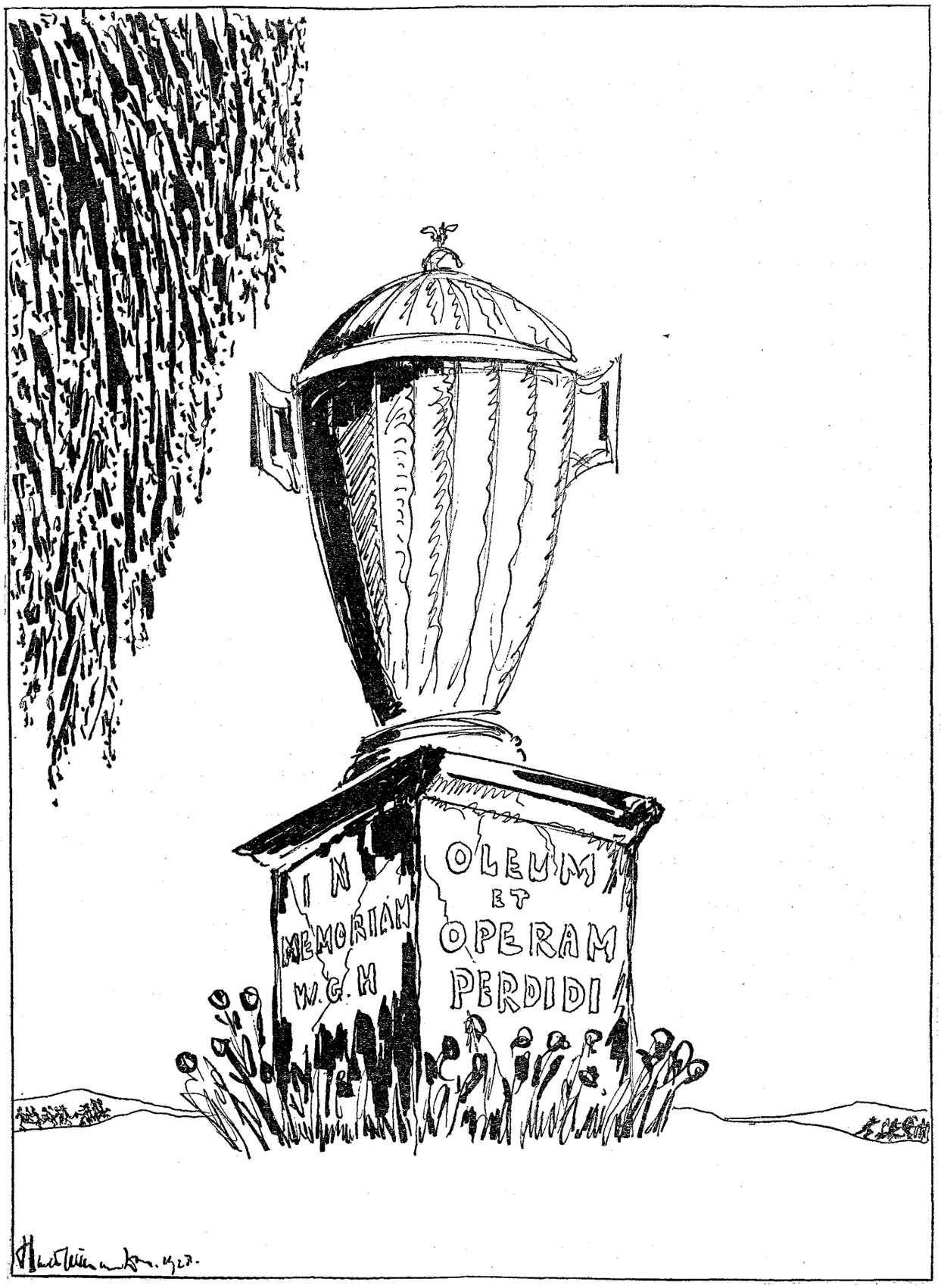

The Deserted Grave

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE ought to be a place in New York city for a liberal newspaper. No daily has ventured into the vast territory which lies between the radical press and the New York *World*. The radicals themselves are meagerly served in English-language papers. There will be no argument, I think, that the *World* comes closest to being an American *Manchester Guardian*, but it is at best on the outer rim of the target. Possibly the contention may be raised that there are not enough liberals in New York to support a daily paper. It seems to me the try is worth making. Liberals need not be born. They can be trained by care and kindness.

The word "liberal" itself has fallen into disrepute. To a radical it is a label for a man who professes friendship and then rushes away for his thirty pieces of silver as soon as the crisis comes. In the eyes of the conservatives a liberal is a dirty Red who probably bought his dinner coat with Russian gold. Neither interpretation is accurate and it should not be impossible to expose the fallacy of such reasoning. First of all, there must be a tradition and that takes time. There was the possibility of an enduring association of political liberals when Theodore Roosevelt started the Progressive Party. The leadership was not ideal and many of the followers who clustered around the Colonel were about as liberal as Frank A. Munsey. Still it was effective leadership and we have none now.

Lacking a political haven, the liberal of America might still be rallied into the support of some powerful daily paper content to run the risk of expressing minority thought. This discussion is confined to the New York field. Perhaps in some other city such a paper does exist. I do not know its name, though possibly the Baltimore *Sun* lives up to the requirements. The *World* does not because it switches front so frequently. Nobody has a right to demand that an editor shall never change his mind. New facts on any given situation may require a complete right-about face. But the *World* on numerous occasions has been able to take two, three, or even four different stands with precisely the same material in hand. So constant were the shifts during the Sacco-Vanzetti case that the paper seemed like an old car going up a hill. In regard to Nicaragua the *World* has thundered on Thursdays and whispered on Monday mornings. Again and again the paper has managed to get a perfect full-nelson on some public problem only to let its opponent slip away because its fingers were too feeble.

It does not seem to me that the paper possesses either courage or tenacity. Of the honest intentions of all its executives I have not the slightest doubt. I think the fault lies in a certain squeamishness. That there should be some reaction from the flagrant pornography of the tabloids is no more than reasonable, but this development in journalism cannot be met with prudishness. To be specific I cite a *World* editorial on the recent squabble about the proposed birth-control exhibit at the Parents' Exposition in Grand Central Palace. In the beginning Mrs. Sanger's organization was promised a place and this promise was later rescinded at the demand of the Board of Education. The advice of the *World* to the birth controllers was that they should go quietly and make no commotion. "Now, it is quite obvious," said the *World*, "that a building swarming with children is no place for a birth-control exhibit."

It may be obvious to the *World*, but I must insist that the reasons for exclusion are not so evident to me. I should think that a building swarming with children ought to be a very logical place for a birth-control exhibit. The fact of the matter is that in the mind of the *World* there is something dirty about birth control. In a quiet way the paper may even approve of the movement, but it is not the sort of thing one likes to talk about in print. Some of the readers would be shocked, and the *World* lives in deadly terror of shocking any reader. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Sanger and her associates intended nothing more dreadful than an exhibit of charts showing population curves and such statistical material. It is the term "birth control" which frightened the newspaper. Not so long ago a Sunday editor insisted on editing a contribution to one of the newspaper columns. Somebody had written in to say that before the triumphs of Lindbergh most Americans had regarded all Scandinavians as dull-witted. "Heywood," said the responsible editor, "don't you realize that our Swedish readers would be offended?"

During the war the *World* was active in attacking hyphenated loyalty, but to the paper's credit it should be remarked that it indulged in far less red baiting than any of its rivals. Now that hostilities have ended, the *World* cannot get over a certain group consciousness. It has, in addition to "Swedish readers," "Methodist readers," "Baptist readers," "Italian readers," and, perhaps above all, "Catholic readers." When somebody gets angry and sends me a scurrilous postal card he almost always attacks the *World* on the ground that it is under Jewish influence and therefore Bolshevist. This, of course, is ridiculously wide of the mark. The *World* of today has few roots in the Jewish community. Very probably it does command a considerable circulation among the young intellectual group of the East Side, but the *Times* is very obviously the Bible of the arrived and successful Jewish citizen of New York. As a matter of fact, it is my experience that there is very little clannishness among the Jews of New York. There is less standardization than in any other group. Save for downright abuse there is no resentment.

The Irish are quite a different proposition. Admitting the danger of generalities I would contend that the Irish are the cry-babies of the Western world. Even the mildest quip will set them off into resolutions and protests. And still more precarious is the position of the New York newspaperman who ventures any criticism of the Catholic church. There is not a single New York editor who does not live in mortal terror of the power of this group. It is not a case of numbers but of organization. Of course if anybody dared nothing in the world would happen. If the church can bluff its way into a preferred position the fault lies not with the Catholics but with the editors. But New York will never know a truly liberal paper until one is founded which has no alliance with and no timidity about any group, racial, religious, or national. Perhaps the first thing needed for a liberal paper is capital, but even more important is courage.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Presidential Possibilities
X
Thomas J. Walsh

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The tenth in a series of studies of the candidates

"THEN there is the Honorable Tom Walsh. We are all familiar with the Teapot Dome affair. The Standard Oil wanted Doheny and Sinclair removed from the field of competition for valuable government leases, and Tom was put on the job backed by the publicity of the oil and copper press. Thus Tom was made quite a hero in the minds of the boobery. But there are some who remember his Tory proclivities during the war; his fatherhood of the Espionage Law; his General Leasing Act of 1920 under which the oil interests looted the public domain; his support of the World Court and other Wall Street foreign policies; and his lead in the fight to give the valuable Flathead power site to his straw boss—the Montana Power Company. There is an important difference between Al and Tom. Al believes in setting up a State authority to operate and develop the hydro-electric power sites of New York State. Tom believes in giving the whole thing to the Montana Power Company."

Here we have a thumb-nail picture of Senator Walsh by a dangerously simple-minded Montana editor. Only a truly simple mind could possibly believe that the revelation of the oil scandals was nothing more than a neat little Standard Oil plan to down its rivals. As for the "oil and copper press," if there is such, it was doubtless, like almost every important daily in the East, bitterly denouncing Senator Walsh for "emptying the prisons," as the Republican National Committee put it, in order to besmirch such great and good men as Albert Fall, Charles Denby, Harry Daugherty, and Jess Smith. The unfortunate fix in which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Standard Oil interests find themselves by reason of the activities of Harry M. Blackmer, now a resident of France, and Colonel R. W. Stewart is further proof that this group of capitalists was hoist by its own petard if it really instigated the Senate's oil activities.

As a matter of fact Senator Walsh and his Montana colleague, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, were attacked by all save a few journals as "cowards," "slanderers," "scandal-mongers," "assassins of character." The New York *Times* accused them of acting like men "who are at heart enemies of lawful and orderly government." Every possible pressure was brought to bear upon them. If Senator Walsh was not indicted on trumped-up charges as was Senator Wheeler, that was probably due merely to luck and to the fact that he was revealing the oil rottenness while Senator Wheeler was probing into the Department of Justice. Both men stuck to their jobs and Senator Walsh is continuing to reveal new ramifications of the oil scandals, with Senator Nye as chairman of the committee, and bringing out startling facts every day. If ever men were tried and tested by fire these two from Montana were, and they stood the test magnificently. Here are two unpurchasable public servants who cannot be terrorized by insult or attack.

Senator Walsh will, in consequence of these inquiries, go down in history as a great prosecutor, because of his ability, his fairness, his tenacity, his tirelessness, his refusal to be beaten. The spectacular and the dramatic are both lacking in his make-up. Hence the general public never heard of him until 1923; hence his failure to make as much capital out of the original oil inquiry as he might have done. Not until he stumbled upon the incident of Mr. Doheny's paying $100,000 in a black bag to Secretary Fall did the fireworks really begin to attract the attention of the public. Had he been less modest, had he had a real flair for publicity, Heaven only knows how sensational the matter could have been made. On that side he is totally undeveloped. He is, moreover, scrupulous in his methods as a prosecutor and, if anything, too polite. These traits doubtless account for his leaning over backward when Secretary Mellon was before him, and for his complimenting the Secretary for his refusal to accede to Will Hays's disreputable proposal that he should sell some of Mr. Sinclair's Liberty Bonds and donate the proceeds to the Republican National Committee as if they were his own gift. There are those who see in this a weakening in the vigor of Mr. Walsh's rapier thrusts and who lay it to his Presidential candidacy. That may be, though proof is lacking. It is a fact, however, that instead of complimenting Secretary Mellon, Senator Walsh should have scored him for concealing Will Hays's proposal from the committee for several years. For this there is no excuse. Unfortunately, the servile portion of the daily press at once seized upon Mr. Walsh's kindly compliment and distorted it to mean that the Montana Senator gave to Mr. Mellon a clean bill of health for the whole transaction.

Perhaps even a brilliant prosecutor must be entitled to one error. It would, of course, be a catastrophe if he should weaken now that the Presidential bee is buzzing around his bonnet and he has actually persuaded himself that he has a real chance to be nominated—amazing how Presidential mirages lure on the best of men! In Senator Walsh's case it is perfectly true, as he must be aware, that he has many of the qualities a President ought to possess. Whether the public has known it or not, Mr. Walsh has for fifteen years been one of the great lawyers in the Senate, called upon because of his attainments to help in drafting the prohibition and woman-suffrage amendments to the Constitution, and, by his Democratic colleagues, to formulate the case against the seating of Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan. It was he who led the successful

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fight to confirm Louis D. Brandeis as a justice of the Supreme Court upon nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and it is said of his report upon Mr. Brandeis that it "remains a model of persuasiveness and finality." Mr. Walsh was likewise the author of that part of the Federal Reserve Act which compels national banks to subscribe for stock in the Federal Reserve Bank.

This Senator may be a creature of the Montana Power Company, but he happens to be the man who has just made a magnificent fight to have the whole financial status of public-utility corporations, especially electric- and water-power ones, investigated, not by the packed Federal Trade Commission but by a committee of the Senate with, perhaps, himself as chief inquisitor. The most powerful lobby Washington has ever seen, with endless money, defeated that proposal—there can be no question that the Montana Power Company acted with its brother electric-utility corporations in opposing the move. But there the Senator stood hour after hour, making a grand if losing fight. Overborne by the lobby, he went down struggling to the end—the admiration of all who beheld him.

To call Walsh a creature of the corporations is an absurd allegation, for he was a bitter opponent of the all-powerful Anaconda Copper Company before he entered the Senate, and that company defeated him for his seat when he tried for it in 1910; he had to wait until 1912 for election, since when he has served uninterruptedly. Never before had Mr. Walsh held office. He went straight from his lawyer's desk to the Senate chamber and, thanks to the system of preferential voting in Montana, he owed his election to nobody. Then he was fifty years old. Today he is sixty-six—near the deadline for candidates, but obviously at the very height of his physical and mental powers. See him in action as prosecutor and you can never forget him. I once heard him open fire upon a Progressive Senator who had just arrived that day to take the oath of office. The fledgling Senator-elect had been outspoken in his criticism of the Federal Reserve system. The dinner-table conversation ceased as Senator Walsh took him in hand. A more incisive, merciless, and searing cross-examination I never listened to. In five minutes every man in the room was thanking his stars he was not the recipient of the Montana Senator's attentions. The Senator-elect stood to his guns and, as Mr. Walsh has since admitted, did extremely well. After that baptism of fire his debut in the Senate must have seemed an easy plunge.

As prosecutor for a Senate committee Mr. Walsh is, if anything, more alarming. He has a way of regarding a witness for some moments before putting a question. During this time he stares steadily under his heavy eyebrows at his victim with a concentration of attention enough to make the unfortunate prepare for the worst. He seems to be revolving the matter over and over in his mind, pondering, pondering—and then he strikes with projectile power. Usually he is entirely calm and collected; he does not browbeat or badger. He is the gentleman at all times, never the sensationalist, but you feel as if he had the finality and inevitability of a slow-moving glacier. You do not need to be convinced that here is a man who weighs every argument before making up his mind—only to become immovable when his decision is reached. He has nothing of the muckraker about him, and no hostility whatever to the corporations or to the existing economic order. The picture drawn of him by the metropolitan dailies as a reckless defamer was as wide of the mark as any shot could possibly go. It would be impossible to find anywhere a more conscientious, a more judicially minded prosecutor. These were all qualities which stood out when he was chairman of the last Democratic National Convention, and they won him the regard and admiration of all the delegates to that political dog-fight. During all those exhausting days he was calm, cool, and spotless, dressed for the occasion and quite immaculate.

But Senator Walsh's judicial quality is second to his thirst for facts and his incredible ability to work relentlessly and unsparingly. Take the Teapot Dome case. It was Walsh who followed Edward B. McLean to Florida, and Fall to New Mexico, and who broke down Fall's alibi by making McLean confess that he had not lent the $100,000 to Fall. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin sat as chairman of the committee with every line of his face and figure showing how deeply he was disturbed by Mr. Walsh's activities; if it had rested with him precious few facts would have come out. Walsh, by the mere force of his efforts, threw Lenroot into the shade. With no help from any individual or from any department of the government, he created his case day after day, always relentless, always optimistic, rarely being thrown off the scent. Those were hours to make the best detective stories seem tame. When it was all over Mr. Walsh again summed up the case in a report which, as Charles Merz has pointed out in the *Independent*, "is a model of fairness, generosity, and good temper. When the Supreme Court of the United States wrote its decisions more than three years later, every fact as Walsh stated it was formally confirmed."

Why, then, is Thomas J. Walsh not available as a Presidential candidate? He is a Dry; his character, as we know, is beyond assail; his ability is unquestioned. To this the answer is his age, his religion (he is a Catholic), and the fact that Montana is one of the least important States when it comes to a Presidential election, since it has only four electoral votes—the usual trick is to choose a man whose State is important or pivotal. The Democratic politicians naturally feel that if a Catholic is to be chosen it should be Governor Smith since he is so much better known and is a better campaigner, with a great record as an executive and administrator. The reasoning is sound, yet Senator Walsh has at bottom a better mind and a better trained one, in some respects a wider vision. The one wins respect and admiration; the other admiration and affection and the sympathy of the masses. Both have their records in foreign affairs to make, save that Walsh was a leader in the fight for the League of Nations and the World Court, while Smith has accepted them in perfunctory fashion, doubtless because it was in his party's platform. Beyond that the indications are that Senator Walsh leans toward the imperialist policy—he did and does support the Espionage Act which muzzled the country and will do so again, automatically, whenever the President declares that a state of war exists. This must be offset, however, by his report "unhesitatingly condemning" Attorney General Palmer's raids upon aliens and radicals, that lawlessness by men in high office which Senator Walsh declared to be "the lawless acts of a mob"; "a deliberate usurpation" [of authority]. The report gained in effectiveness because it was written by a Democrat in denunciation of a faithless Democratic Cabinet officer.

Senator Walsh is, naturally, without Governor Smith's record of wide and effective sympathy for social reforms.

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But he has struck some telling blows for labor. His first speech in the Senate was on behalf of the bill to make jury trials essential in instances of contempt of court in injunction cases. He deserves the credit for the law forbidding the use of federal funds to prosecute labor unions under the anti-trust laws and he also was in charge of the enactment of those clauses of the Clayton Act which specifically exempted all farm and labor organizations from prosecution under the Sherman law.

It must also be remembered that he, the strict Constitutionalist, has advocated the proposed child-labor amendment to the Constitution which has so horrified the Southern States' Rights wing of his party. Striking, too, is the fact that he heartily favored woman suffrage; few men of his legal training and type of mind did. He has also been a sturdy fighter for a low tariff. While these things indicate a mind that is far from rigidly fixed, they do not stamp him a great reformer or a great liberal. Radical, as has been said, he is not. His hope is always for bettering the government by adhering to the plan of unveiling the rascals in the hope that the electorate will turn them out. It is doubtful if he knows much about the great economic currents abroad or realizes the extent to which political government has been undermined or has broken down.

Enter the Senate any day and you may see at work this dignified, quiet-mannered gentleman—one can use this term of a man who came up from the ranks of the very poor without danger of its being misunderstood. His speeches you will find replete with facts, packed with close reasoning, but devoid of the qualities that appeal to the galleries. Even when he waxes warm there is an air of diffidence, if not shyness, about him. Yet when he strikes, his blows are stunning because of his eternal reliance upon facts. So in the debate on March 29, 1928, when Senator Robinson of Indiana endeavored to connect the Wilson Administration with the oil scandals, Senator Walsh immediately riddled his charges by the most painstaking rebuttal, citing figures, dates, documents, quotations from speeches made years ago—facts, facts, facts. Not content with that he characteristically had three great maps of the naval oil reserves hung upon the rear wall of the Senate Chamber and, so the dispatches reported, "with a pointer, like a school-teacher, illustrated his points as he went minutely into the history of the reserves to refute Robinson." Incidentally, Senator Walsh declared in his address that in Mr. Robinson's place a gentleman would apologize for his reckless words, and in demanding this, he said, he did not appeal to Senatorial courtesy. It is a dangerous pastime to fall foul of this high-minded master of every subject he undertakes to know about!

Puritan in his make-up and his unsmiling personal austerity, Senator Walsh has made his name a synonym for private and public honesty and for ceaseless hostility to privilege and to the control of the government by the masters of big business. Some day a Catholic will—and must—find his way into the White House. The country may consider itself fortunate if that man should prove to be of the type of Thomas J. Walsh.

The Sinclair Jury Explains

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

HARRY SINCLAIR owes his acquittal in the Teapot Dome conspiracy case to two things—a jury which was incapable of comprehending the evidence, and a legal system which withheld from the jurors the facts which would have made it comprehensible. To one who attended the trial and interviewed several of the jurors after the verdict, no other conclusion is possible. Facts which were absolutely damning when seen in their proper setting left no impression on them, because the setting was missing—banished by narrow rules of evidence—and because these jurors were not the sort of men who could infer the setting from the nature of the facts.

The clandestine passage of $198,000 in Liberty bonds in a private car in the railroad yards "looked queer," they admitted. To hand over $10,000 in cash on one occasion and $25,000 on another, without even taking a receipt, was "a strange way to do business," especially between a multi-millionaire and a Secretary of the Interior. But unless a witness would take the stand and pronounce it a bribe in so many words, these jurors were unwilling so to characterize it. The defense claimed it was in purchase of a ranch, and in the absence of another explicit and express explanation from the witness stand, they felt they must accept it.

The jurors did not know that the witness who offered that explanation had previously avoided giving any by pleading self-incrimination, until deprived of that refuge by a special act of Congress. They did not know that Albert B. Fall had previously denied that he ever received "one cent from Harry F. Sinclair on any account whatever." They did not know that the defense, in another trial, had denied that Sinclair ever had possession of those bonds, or knew anything about them. They did not know that the bonds themselves were the profits of an illegitimate transaction, carried out by stealth and preserved in secrecy until subterfuge and perjury could no longer conceal it. They did not know that the Supreme Court of the United States, on less positive evidence, had condemned Fall as "a faithless public officer," and had canceled the Teapot Dome lease as having been entered into "fraudulently, and by means of collusion and conspiracy." They heard the defense plead that the naval reserve was leased to save it from drainage, and they heard veiled hints of a "military emergency," but they were never permitted to learn that the Supreme Court had declared drainage was no excuse, and that no emergency ever existed. None of these facts and circumstances, under the rules through which American courts attempt to administer justice, was proper evidence for the jury to consider.

So the twelve mechanics, clerks, and small merchants deliberated in their attic room for somewhat less than two hours, and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the most brazen malefactor of great wealth in modern times walked from the courtroom free.

It had been a momentous two weeks in the life of Harry Brooks, 25-year-old steamfitter. For two weeks he had sat

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in judgment upon the guilt or innocence of one of the wealthiest men in America. The evidence painstakingly gathered in four years of tireless investigation by Senate committees, special prosecutors and the Government Secret Service, had solemnly been submitted for his verdict. Naturally, he was still somewhat set up when the writer called at his boarding house a few hours later.

"I figured the Government didn't make out no case," said Harry Brooks, who is small, wiry, and assertive. "Where did they prove any conspiracy? You can't show me where they proved any. Of course, anybody could see the lease wasn't made out in the open. I saw that from the start. Sinclair had the inside track, all right, but that don't prove no conspiracy. You've got to show where those men got together and made a corrupt agreement before you can prove a conspiracy, and the Government never did show that. Then they never did show no bribe. Where did they show any bribe? I admit that ranch deal sounded mighty fishy, but none of the witnesses ever come right out and said it was a bribe."

It was suggested to him that men who enter into conspiracies seldom draw up formal contracts setting out their corrupt purposes, that bribes are seldom denominated as such by the men who give and accept them, and, consequently, that direct evidence on those points is not usually presented in court, unless one of the guilty parties chooses to confess.

"Well that's the Government's bad luck," replied ex-juror Brooks. "All the jury can go by is what the witnesses say."

He had never heard of the Supreme Court decision, the Continental Trading Co., the Fall-Doheny case, the Sinclair contempt cases, the "little black bag," Everhart's self-incrimination plea, Fall's denials, or the jury-shadowing episode. Nor did he seem interested in hearing of them from his interviewer.

"I don't read the newspapers hardly at all," he said with a trace of pride. "Maybe the comic page once in a while, or the baseball news, or a big accident, but that's all. I don't have the time. I work every day, and at night I'm out having a good time. I never heard of any of those cases. I guess if they had anything to do with this trial they would have told us about them."

There was far less assurance in the manner and words of Juror Howard Bradley, 22-year-old automobile accessory salesman, when the writer found him at home. Piled high around the cuffs of his bell-bottomed trousers were the pages of the afternoon paper, and Bradley smiled sheepishly as he mentioned the many interesting facts in connection with the Teapot Dome lease which he was now learning for the first time. He was awaiting, rather ruefully, the return of his father, from whom he expected "a good razzing."

"Say, can you explain to me why they didn't tell us all that stuff about Everhart and Doheny and the Burns detectives and the bonds?" he demanded, with a gesture toward the newspaper. "Why, I never knew any of that stuff before. We never heard a word of it during the trial. It makes the whole thing look rotten. I see where Sinclair is already under two jail sentences, and that two other oil men have been hiding in Europe for four years to keep from testifying. And I see where Sinclair and Fall denied ever having anything to do with those bonds until the Government got the goods on them. The public will think we are a lot of sapheads, turning Sinclair loose like that. The whole thing looks entirely different when you read it in the newspaper. It seems that they covered it all up as long as they could, and when the Government got the evidence about the bonds they came out with this story about Sinclair buying the ranch. But they didn't tell us that. Of course that ranch deal sounded sort of funny, but you can't send a man to prison on that. Then I see the Supreme Court had already said there was a conspiracy. Say, the Supreme Court must have had more evidence than they presented to us, didn't it?"

He was told that the Supreme Court had had less.

"Well, I guess it just went over my head," he said. "But why didn't the judge explain it to us? I had been told to pay strict attention to what the judge would say, and I expected him to give us a pretty clear idea of how to vote. I paid particular attention to him, but gee!—he made it harder than ever. He would go along all right on one side for a while, but then he would switch over to the other, and balance it up. I was balled up worse when he got through than I was before. The judge must have known what the Supreme Court said. Why didn't he tell us? And why didn't he tell us all this other stuff, so we would have known what it was all about?"

The foregoing is sufficient to tell how the jury reacted. Other interviews were simply repetitions, with variations.

It has been suggested from some quarters—all of them devoid of first-hand knowledge—that the case was badly handled from the Government's side, and that the prosecutors were outwitted and outmaneuvered by the oil magnate's clever lawyers. Such a suggestion is a monstrous injustice to the great ability and unquestioned earnestness of Owen J. Roberts, who directed the prosecution. In knowledge of the law and in courtroom tactics he was, singlehanded, more than a match for the whole brilliant Sinclair staff. Perhaps in mere rhetoric he may be ranked a shade lower than the inspired Martin Littleton, but every juror with whom I talked afterward said he was more impressed by Roberts's straightforward manner of presenting the facts than by Littleton's oratory. Indeed, that distinguished defender might be somewhat abashed to know that his peroration gave a severe headache to one juror, who described it as "hollering right in my ear."

It is universally conceded that the conduct of the trial by Justice Bailey was above reproach. His instructions to the jury were characterized by one prominent local attorney, not engaged in this case, as "the severest charge in the direction of a conviction that was ever delivered in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia." Under the rules by which justice is administered, Justice Bailey did his full duty toward the Government.

The blame for this great public tragedy lies where I placed it at the beginning of this article. It goes deeper than any question of judges or prosecutors. Unless some means is devised for getting more intelligence into the jury box when the difficult nature of the evidence demands more than average intelligence, and unless the rules of evidence are relaxed sufficiently to admit facts and circumstances which are essential to a full understanding of cases, there will be other such tragedies. It is natural that those who benefit from them should oppose change. Unfortunately, the number includes some of our leading lawyers.

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Collective Bargaining—New Style

By A. J. MUSTE

ACCORDING to Service Talks, issued by Mitten Management, Inc., William D. Mahon, president of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, on behalf of his organization, and T. E. Mitten, on behalf of Mitten Management, signed on March 25, 1928, a collective-bargaining agreement. It is rumored that the agreement was made with a view to the time when Mitten Management shall take over the running of the New York subway system, and that then under its provisions the Amalgamated Association will organize the men with the approval both of Mitten Management and the political powers that be in New York City. This makes the agreement of very great immediate interest, at least to New Yorkers, but its real significance lies in what it may indicate as to future developments in trade-union policy in this country as a whole.

Briefly, the agreement is restricted for the present to properties that "are to be acquired or operated by Mitten Management in the future." The union specifically agrees not to disturb the company union and "cooperation plan" in effect on the Mitten lines in Philadelphia and Buffalo. The union is to be recognized, and a 50-50 cooperative agreement with Mitten Management entered into, on lines acquired or operated by the Management in the future, whenever two-thirds of the employees on any such line (or department of it) so vote by secret ballot. Under this 50-50 arrangement, the profits that are left from the operation of a line, after interest, wages, and other charges are paid, are divided 50 per cent to the employees and 50 per cent to Mitten Management. The 50 per cent the men get goes into a fund which is used to buy stock in the road they work on, in the "control" of which they thus have a share.

"Contract shall run during delivery of cooperative effectiveness, which is understood to mean that degree of assistance in securing the results on the property in question as secured by Mitten Management and the properties operated by them at this date" (under the company-union plan in Philadelphia and Buffalo). The contract may be terminated by a two-thirds vote of the men in secret ballot, but otherwise all disputes are to be settled by arbitration, the arbitrator to be the Public Service Commission in any case where the two parties concerned cannot agree as to a third arbitrator.

The question has frequently been asked lately whether there is any way in which trade unions and employee-representation plans can work together in complementary fashion. Under this agreement, we may see an experiment in this field which will be of intense interest to all students of industrial relations.

Without questioning Mr. Mitten's sincerity and good intentions, we may surmise that he has made a shrewd bargain. He has a guaranty that the union will not disturb his company union in Philadelphia or Buffalo, at least until such time as the union can produce as good a record of cooperative efficiency as the company union. He would seem to be pretty well protected also against any militant attack by the union, and indeed, under the two-thirds secret vote provision, against any serious difficulty on properties he may acquire. If, as rumored, he is planning to acquire properties in southern New Jersey, where the union is strong, he is guaranteed in advance against any unpleasant episodes there. In his business, the "good-will" of the public, which enables it to see the necessity of increased fares on occasion, is an important asset. If Mr. Mitten has by this agreement won the good-will of thousands of trade unionists in Philadelphia, Buffalo, and parts unknown, may it not stand him in excellent stead?

Mr. Mitten announces in the same number of Service Talks from which we have already quoted that "the labor bank, as we conceive it, will do for banking what Woolworth did for retail merchandising and what Ford did for the automobile industry." He makes it clear in this connection that the labor bank, as he conceives it, is a bank which represents a combination of brains (Mitten Management) with brawn (workers who make deposits, get loans, etc.) such as the Producers' and Consumers' and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks in Philadelphia, which Mitten took over from the unions recently. If Mitten is to become the "Ford" or the "Woolworth" of a new system of banking, which depends on the good-will of small depositors, his agreement with the Amalgamated Association ought to be of some monetary value to him.

It would be foolish to attempt to pass a definitive judgment as to what this agreement signifies for the American labor movement, but one may observe tentatively that the possibilities are bewildering. What does it mean for an international union, with rather fine fighting traditions, to agree not to try to organize for an indefinite period large sections of an industry under its jurisdiction? What does it mean for the American labor movement that a union should agree to be judged in the future by whether it measures up to standards already achieved by company unions? Except for injunctions and other kinds of judicial usurpation, the big grievance about which the official labor movement in America feels militant is the company union. If this grievance is removed, what excuse for militancy or perhaps for existence is left to it? The trade union, it has been presumed, grows up out of the needs, efforts, and sacrifices of the workers. What does it signify if agreements are to be made between union officials and employers for workers who are not yet in the service of the latter; who may know absolutely nothing about the union; who, even if they "accept" such an agreement "voluntarily," accept something that others have made for them, not something they created themselves? Is this the dawn of peace in industry or of disintegration in the labor movement?

A union which exists where capitalism is the dominant system of ownership; which is organized from the top rather than from the bottom; which has for its primary function to see that the workers gear in with the mechanism of production so as to insure efficiency; which tacitly accepts the view that thus its members will automatically benefit, and that, therefore, the function of protecting them and securing advantages for them need not be the

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point of departure in union policy, as it has been hitherto; which virtually relinquishes the right, or at least the power, to strike—this surely isn't the trade unionism of Brother Samuel Gompers any more than it is that of Comrade William Z. Foster. Is it not a close parallel to the Fascist trade unionism established by Mussolini in Italy? And if so, does it herald the dawn of an industrial and political dictatorship in America?

In the Driftway

WHEN one has discovered something which he thinks is nice but unusual it is pleasant to learn that it is less unusual than he had imagined. In the issue of April 18 the Drifter wrote a few paragraphs about an evening of music which he had enjoyed—and miscalled a violin recital—by a little group of amateurs which was at that time having its 1209th meeting. Two brothers, William Burnet and George Arthur Tuthill, the backbone of the group, have met weekly to scrape their fiddles for thirty years. The Drifter expressed both pleasure and surprise at his discovery, but, judging from letters received, his surprise was not wholly warranted. For instance, Eugene Moses writes:

> It is with great interest that I have just been reading your account of the 1209th meeting of a group of amateur chamber musicians.
>
> Thirty years is a long time, and two friends of mine and I who have sustained the second violin, viola, and 'cello parts in a similar organization for over twenty years bow to the long and honorable record of your friends. We have never kept any count of the number of our meetings, but twenty years is a long time too, and much of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and the moderns has flowed over the bridges of our instruments during that time.
>
> The example of your friends is an inspiration to us, and we sincerely hope that they and we will keep at it as long as fingers and bow arms will respond. It might interest you to know that during my musical experience I had the great pleasure of knowing and playing with a wonderful old gentleman who lived to be ninety-four, and who had had weekly chamber-music evenings in his home for over fifty years. Failing eyesight forced him to give up active participation at ninety-two, but up to that time he had played either violin, viola, or 'cello for more than half a century. So, let us hope that there is a long and happy future for us all.
>
> If you ever happen to be "drifting" through Fifty-seventh Street on a Tuesday evening, we should be delighted to have you come up to the penthouse of the office building at No. 119 West and compare the results of our brief experience with the work of our respected veteran colleagues, to whom, also, this invitation is cordially extended.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is glad to have this information; at least it bears out his assertion that it is the things one least expects to find in New York that one is constantly encountering. And hard on the letter from Mr. Moses comes one from Jeannette Bry:

> Judging from your article in *The Nation* of April 18, you are most sadly in lack of knowledge as to the chamber music that is being played among amateur musicians in New York.
>
> My husband, his brother, and I constitute three of a group of four that has played weekly, except in summer, for sixteen years. Before I joined the quartet both my husband and his brother had been playing for ten years—practically since their childhood. I can easily count twenty such groups among my acquaintances in New York. In fact, strangely enough, on the two sides of this street [West Seventy-ninth], on the block between Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues, I know of five such groups! . . .
>
> It was shocking to me to read of your amazement that such a thing could exist in "New York—not in a foreign quarter, either, but on the upper West Side." Incidentally, the four of us are all "native Americans" too.
>
> I might add that what you listened to was an evening of chamber music—not, as you termed it, a violin recital.

* * * * *

THIS is good news too—so pleasing to the Drifter that he accepts humbly the correction contained in the final sentence of the last letter. The fact that even in this radio-phonograph age good music is still played purely for the enjoyment of it by numerous groups in New York, meeting regularly for the purpose, is far more important than that the city supports on a lavish scale the Metropolitan Opera. For the opera is the fashion, and although many of its supporters are sincere devotees of its art, it is impossible to distinguish them with exactitude from the considerable group which pays money to keep the Metropolitan going merely because it is socially the right thing to be seen there, or at least to have one's name among the box holders.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Spaniards Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are generous with every race and nationality that has contributed to the great epic of the air now unfolding, but why omit Spain? "Frenchman, Englishman, German, Irishman, son of the Vikings, Jew, Italian, plain Yankee," you write. How could you have forgotten Franco and his daring companions, who little more than a year ago thrilled the whole Spanish world by their flight from Palos, Spain, to Buenos Aires—a flight without a mishap because the utmost careful scientific planning went hand in hand with the old faith and daring for which the Spaniard is preeminent among men. Franco and his men were the pioneers who prepared the longer flight of the Frenchmen. And today, Spaniards are about to undertake a transatlantic flight from Seville to Havana. Be fair to old Spain and grateful to the Spain of today!

Delaware, Ohio, April 24 MANUEL L. LÓPEZ

How to Choose Congressmen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a British reader of *The Nation* I am interested in the view which is implicit in your article, James M. Beck and the Constitution, that the rule requiring Congressmen to reside in the districts which they represent is beneficial to the country and ought to be retained.

"State representation in Congress," you say, "has sunk to a discouragingly low level." May not this be partly due to this residential rule? Suppose that a man of more than ordinary political fitness and capacity is elected to Congress. He loses his seat, let us say, with the result that his political career is forever closed unless he can induce the same constituency to reelect him. All others are barred.

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Contrast this with the freedom of choice allowed to British electors. Time and again, British statesmen of great eminence and capacity have lost one seat but have been retained in Parliament by their finding a seat elsewhere. Examples are numerous. Mr. Gladstone was rejected by Oxford University in 1865 and was immediately returned to Parliament for South Lancashire. Sir William Harcourt and Mr., afterward Lord, Morley both fell in 1895 but found other constituencies. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith have suffered the same fate. Mr. Winston Churchill has been twice "moved on," from N. W. Manchester to Dundee, and from the latter to Epping.

Will it be seriously maintained that representation in the British Parliament has suffered through this flexibility? It is quite the reverse. I venture to suggest for the serious consideration of Americans that a similar free choice of representatives would improve the composition of Congress.

West Kilbride, Scotland, April 15 THEODORE D. LOWE

New Mexico and Texas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the Texas Bankers' Association's $5,000 reward for dead bank robbers, it may hearten you to learn that a similar reward of $1,000 offered by the New Mexico Bankers' Association was frowned upon by both public sentiment and legal opinion. Attorney General Robert Dow declared that the courts would in all probability find the reward illegal on the ground of public policy, and the State Bank Examiner referred to the reward as "a dangerous extra-legal procedure which may at any time involve any participating bank in legal proceedings."

Public sentiment also opposed the $1,000 reward offer. The Scripps-Howard *State Tribune* said of the proposal:

> We believe it places too high a value on property and too low a value on human life; we think it reposes too much faith in judgment of casual bystanders and too little in officers, courts, and processes of justice; we fear it will serve as moral encouragement to promiscuous shooting in which innocent men will go to their deaths.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 13 SALLY C. PUTNAM

Robespierre

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read Mr. Gottschalk's review of Lenotre's "Robespierre" with interest. But it was Robespierre, and Robespierre alone, who sent Danton and Camille and Lucie Desmoulins to the guillotine, and no whitewashing brush can ever remove or cover up this bloodstain.

I have spent many weary hours in an attempt to form an unbiased opinion of this bizarre man, and I have reached the conclusion that he was a small and vindictive man, responsible for a preponderant share in the *useless* horrors of The Terror. I agree with Michelet that he more than any one else was responsible for the advent and reign of that other great-small man, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Paris, France, April 10 WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Indian Culture—Whence?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Benedict has been kind enough to send me a copy of her review of my book, "The Story of the American Indian." In it she makes certain statements with which I must take sharp issue. I wish most emphatically to state that I arrived at my conclusion, namely, that a movement of peoples from Mexico and Peru is the only plausible explanation of the diffusion of cultural traits in aboriginal America, by weighing the evidence available in the usual way and to the best of my ability.

Nothing was further from my mind than to indulge in a romantic holiday, as Dr. Benedict terms it. Indeed, it is Dr. Benedict who is indulging herself in an emotional adherence to an academic, pedantic, and utterly unsubstantiated viewpoint which she has clearly derived from Professor Boas and uncritically accepted. Her view is utterly unhistorical, belied by all that we know about the spread of culture wherever historical records are available.

Far from my being the only American ethnologist to accept the scheme I outlined in my book I would like to point out that in the most generally used textbook on anthropology, that of Professor Kroeber, an anthropologist who certainly cannot be accused of any unwonted radicalism, we find the following statements:

> In this region, Middle America, lay the focal point of American civilization. From it the tribes of the lower Amazon and the upper Mississippi equally derived most of the limited culture which they possessed.

To my knowledge Professor Kroeber was never seriously taken to task by even the most conservative American ethnologists for expressing this view.

Nashville, Tennessee, January 18 PAUL RADIN

Books Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This letter is an appeal for used and discarded books, destined mainly for the use of the sick who flock from all over the Union to this city. No library is more thoroughly used than Albuquerque's. It has 5,600 regular members and a turnover of 70 per cent each month, with a population of 30,000 inhabitants.

The library's budget is limited. The amount available each year for books, $2,500, must cover also the amount of cost of repair and rebinding, thus limiting the number of new volumes to the minimum. Hence we appeal to you to second our efforts to increase our equipment of reading matter by a contribution of books in English, Spanish, French, or Italian, on any subject, and in any condition. All books donated will bear an appropriate inscription with the name of the donor and may be shipped to us with the collect.

Albuquerque, N. M., April 11 KYLE S. CRICHTON,
Director, Albuquerque Public Library

Contributors to This Issue

A. J. MUSTE is faculty chairman of the Brookwood Labor College.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is author of "Christ Church" and "Dew and Bronze."

MAX RADIN is professor of law at the University of California.

WANDA F. NEFF is author of "We Sing Diana."

CHARLES LEE SNIDER of North Carolina is a frequent contributor to magazines.

ROBERT WOLF is the author of "Springboard."

MARY NOEL ARROWSMITH is field secretary of The Open Road, Inc.

EDWARD W. HUNTER is on the staff of the Tokio *Japan Advertiser*.

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Books, Art, Plays

I Shall Be in Other Places

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Deathwatches ticking in my wall
Tell me that my house will fall.
  One day there will come the wind
  To the place where I have sinned,
Prayed and dreamed and little done
And find but grass blades in the sun.

But I shall be in other places,
Carving wrinkles on new faces,
  Helping others seek and find
  Love that turns out seeds and rind,
Building other dreams that soon
Will look like dust heaps on the moon.

O I shall still be sad and merry,
Full of red lust as the cherry,
  Frozen into ice and snow
  Because the law reads thus and so.
I shall hate like any snake
And love and worship till I ache.

For my house may fall to grass
And the blundering mole may pass
  Through the nave my ribs have groined,
  Yet the light and dark that joined
To create the man-thing me
Are spawners ranker than the sea.

Three Novels

Debonair. By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Bad Girl. By Vina Delmar. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.
Quicksand. By Nella Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

EACH of these novels possesses the qualities that make a literary curiosity; each explores a country still new to the majority of readers. In "Debonair" G. B. Stern presents the newest and swankiest flapper. If Miss Stern is correct, that young person has bravely recovered from her war-time belief that she should give something for what she gets, and from that code of morals, noted some years ago by Margot Asquith, which rates philandering a greater sin than adultery. Loveday is an accomplished philanderer; and it seems to be set down as very much in her favor that she knows exactly how to elude man's clumsy efforts to exact payment for the money he squanders on her. Her mother's generation were afraid of men because they didn't know how to take care of themselves. Loveday's are braver only because they are more sophisticated. They know how to get their clothes and their meals, their transportation and the roofs over their heads, without really giving up the tiniest part of that metaphysical substance known as their virtue. From this there seems to be a disposition on the part of the author to conclude that Loveday is really a nice girl after all, and that her little peccadilloes differ only in degree from that amusing deviltry of her mother which consisted in driving to a picnic in separate traps when Laura's Victorian mamma and papa had expected the young people to go en masse in a wagonette under due chaperonage. Laura's confession of this sin to Loveday, in their mutual effort to overcome the irritations of kinship and be friends in spite of being mother and daughter, and Loveday's answering confession mark the climax in Miss Stern's animated comedy of the misunderstandings of the generations.

I would find it wittier and more significant if the types compared were more like. Fussy, scatter-brained, honest Laura may have been a belle in her youth, but the accident of being born a generation later would never have turned her into a Loveday; nor would the Victorian Age have made a Laura of Loveday. Although Miss Stern, who recently commented so caustically on the works of that odd and unsatisfactory but undeniably great writer, Dorothy Richardson, never startles us with a poignant phrase or rediscovers the world for us, her characterizations are unusually lively, up to a certain point. Carried beyond that point they might be real creations, instead of the lively commentaries on a type which they remain.

After the disappointing facility of this book, "Bad Girl" seems as fresh as a dill pickle on a hot summer day. The first chapter, in which Dot and Eddie meet on a Hudson River boat, is delightful reading, and an extremely able piece of work. But, unfortunately, all the rest of the book is devoted to repeating the successes of the first chapter, and in time we grow weary. Dot and Eddie remain two young things we have seen on a Hudson River boat and wondered about as we might wonder about Eskimos or South Sea Islanders. We hear certain inflections of their voices; we see how their apartments are furnished and learn where they buy their clothes; we become thoroughly acquainted with those conversational peculiarities that serve to conceal their real meaning from each other; we follow every step in the not particularly new business of acquiring a baby; we learn that Eddie is sulky and masterful, but true blue, and that Dot is full of sweet feminine yielding and timidity, but equally true blue. More than this we do not learn of them. The later scenes are only partially realized. The externals are there as before, but only the externals. In fact, the book shares with that popular fiction which has been poking its nose into odd corners ever since the salad days of local color, but that for years has gone without benefit of criticism, a nice perception of local differences, an engaging verisimilitude, and a lack of ability or courage to go beneath the surface and discover that Eddie and Dot are as real as you and I. The style is the easy colloquial kind familiar to all present-day novel readers, perhaps the most completely undistinguished prose that ever gained general acceptance. How meager it is we only fully realize when a writer like Thornton Wilder reverts to the prose of a more exigent period. This remark, however, is not directed at Mrs. Delmar. It would be surprising indeed if a twenty-three-year-old novelist did not write in the literary vernacular of her time.

"Quicksand" is the story of a mulatto who is dragged one way by her Negro blood and another by her white. Although it lacks the professional polish of Miss Stern's work, and the very real flair for literary craftsmanship of Mrs. Delmar's, although its style and manner are still imitative and often too conscientiously correct, and although there is a certain naivete in the presentation of the culture, wealth, and sophistication of the Harlem intellectuals, the book is an attempt to portray a real person in all her complexities, instead of being a complimentary or a spiteful version of some individual never really revealed. The motivation of this character is not always convincingly explained; the intention of the book is not even always clear; but it is a mine of information about one human being. Its writer shows a passion for understanding. This is perhaps a quality even more rare than Mrs. Delmar's gift for seizing the seemingly trivial details that make us see a person. Whether it promises more for the future remains to be seen.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

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Mr. Irwin on Mr. Hoover

Herbert Hoover. A Reminiscent Biography. By Will Irwin. The Century Company. $3.

MR. IRWIN has written a charmingly sympathetic study of the man whom he recently called the wisest and kindest of men, with the finest possible sense of humor. His friendship with Mr. Hoover began when they were students at Leland Stanford, Jr. University. It was fortified by constant meetings during the World War, during which he frequently shared quarters with the Director of Belgian Relief, later the dictator of the world's food supply. In remarkably compact form and in a most interesting manner Mr. Irwin has rehearsed the already well-known story of Mr. Hoover's extraordinary career, but he illuminates newly only as he gives intimate passages in his hero's life. Since it is hero worship, this book is neither critical nor discriminating. Thus it carefully avoids all reference to Mr. Hoover's relationship with Mr. Harding and his silence on the oil scandals, and to his part in deceiving the Republicans who favored our entry into the League of Nations when, with thirty other Republican lights, he assured them that a vote for Harding was a vote to enter the League by the best means.

Obviously Mr. Irwin has wished to avoid all controversial questions and to make this a tribute from the heart to a beloved friend. But even when one writes out of friendship one should be quite sure of one's facts. Thus, he asserts that Mr. Hoover was always a Republican and that it is ridiculous to suggest that he was once a Democrat or had Democratic leanings, quite forgetting that Mr. Hoover himself wrote on February 24, 1920: "Before I can answer whether I am a Democrat or a Republican I shall have to know how each party stands on those issues" (the issues being the "forty live issues in this country today"). Again, he stated: "I must vote for the party that stands for the League." At that time he favored so many of the Wilson issues that it seemed impossible for him to land in any other but the Democratic camp. Indeed, he specifically stated that he would not support the Republican Party unless it "adopts a forward-looking, liberal, constructive platform on the treaty and our economic issues . . . and is neither reactionary nor radical. . . ." He then entered the most reactionary and corrupt Administration in our history, and apparently has been entirely content with the association which he has maintained since March 4, 1921.

The best part of the book is unquestionably Mr. Irwin's description of the magnitude of the tasks Mr. Hoover carried on during the war, and the extraordinary power, devotion, and unselfishness he brought to them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Christophe—Roi

Black Majesty. By John W. Vandercook. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT is a privilege to encounter so complete a synthesis of the bookmaker's craft as "Black Majesty." Covers of black and red, imperial eagles on field of gold, engravings in silhouette, steel blue and tropic green, and above all the context are redolent of place and period: Haiti in the reign of King Christophe—Henri I.

The land and the theme are traditionally romantic, but this is history—correct, moderate. Truth and spirit are alike conserved. It is a portrait graven in the clean black lines of a woodcut, heroically blocked. It is a suitable memorial to the monarch, to the looming figure who builded through the sheer force of his will, discipline, and organizing power the greatest fortress known until his time in the Western Hemisphere, the citadel which the writer properly describes as "the supreme physical creation in the history of the Negro race."

Yet here is more than a monograph. Here is a new blend of the biographer's art, pungent with the oft-pursued but elusive atmosphere of that unique Caribbean isle. Here is a restrained realism that moderates horror and sensational detail yet gently releases a pathos as poignant and inevitable as the tom-toms booming from ravine depths. Eugene O'Neill in his "Emperor Jones" caught a suggestion of this Haitian rhythm and incense. But that was fiction, playwrighting—with all its license. Using materials easily available to the casual searcher—which the historical student calls "secondary"—Mr. Vandercook, with little apparent effort, without straining after the exotic, transmits the deadly strokes of the Haitian noonday sun, the listless heat-drenched valleys, the pageant of Haiti's sweating blacks—glittering briefly during His Majesty's reign in the gaudy raiment of a neo-Napoleonic, cis-Atlantic empire. One inhales the heavy scent of Haiti's jungles, the decay and death of its stricken coast towns, and, after the sun sets in the fire of an equatorial sunset, lives through the agonized hours of a racial tragedy that becomes eerie as the brass moon rises into "the iron blue dome of night."

Limiting his theme to less than a lifetime in the earlier nineteenth century—the rise, the might, and the end of Christophe—the writer has endowed a picturesque and almost legendary figure with new vividness, the vividness of truth and sympathetic understanding. That much may be expected of any modern biography. He has done more. He has cast the great part and staged the big scene in the pageant-drama of a race. He has come closer than anyone else to writing in exquisite prose the Haitian epic.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Changing Supreme Court

The Business of the Supreme Court. By Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis. The Macmillan Company. $5.

APPARENTLY we have always overworked the Supreme Court. We have asked too much of it. Originally there were six justices. Now there are nine. But when there were six and they had only twenty cases a year, duties of circuit-riding were imposed upon them and very little time was granted them in which to become the paragons of learning which Edmund Randolph thought they ought to be. And now that they remain aloof in Washington we pour upon them a mass of cases to decide which keeps them at a constant stretch. To do justice is the proper goal of judicial effort. To clear the docket is a less ennobling preoccupation, but it is almost as necessary.

Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard and his younger colleague, Professor James Landis, undertake to tell us how the Supreme Court has accomplished its task. The facts are thoroughly and accurately ascertained, the presentation is interesting and vigorous. The character of the Supreme Court's business is changing under our eyes and in an illuminating table we are shown how different it has become. It is ceasing—it really has ceased—to be a common law court and is almost wholly absorbed in "interpreting" statutes and the Constitution. Doubtless in the future new differentiations will be necessary. There is no uniform technique of "interpretation," divorced from subject-matter. An item in the table like "Construction of Statutes" will mean little until we know what the statutes were about. "Taxation" will be insufficient until we know what was taxed. And since statutes will continue to be as freely and as badly made as heretofore, we may not be sure that the relief which the court desires will automatically be secured by the limitations so far suggested.

The portrayal of the intricate machinery of our federal judiciary will be startling enough to lawyers who have not specially studied it. To laymen it must increase the doubt

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whether anything human or valuable can come from so many whirring wheels. The authors indicate that the machinery will not go smoothly unless it is relieved of the burdens placed upon it. This has been done in the past by the creation of separate courts and is now being attempted by the limitation of the cases in which appeal to the Supreme Court is a matter of right.

That is plainly the only immediate way out unless we seriously consider the Continental method of increasing the numbers of Supreme Court justices and dividing them into coordinate departments or chambers. It is hard to imagine Anglo-American lawyers discussing this suggestion with patience, but it is not inconceivable that with the authors' table before us the departments might be segregated by subjects and the danger of conflicting—and contemporaneous—decision by the same court avoided.

In effect, all processes of limitation do this very thing, since they make the lower courts final for a great many cases not very scientifically classified. Nor can permissive review be of much help, since if it is based on a cursory examination it does scant justice to the question, and if the examination is thorough it is really a review. It is not easy to make laymen understand that a denial of a writ of certiorari is not an affirmation of the case in the lower court. The fact that it is an elementary distinction to lawyers makes it doubly suspicious; *haruspex haruspicem.*

I confess that the suggestion is partly grounded in malice. To increase the number of justices will decrease the awe which to many good people is an integral part of the notion of the Supreme Court. And awe before human contrivances is, on the whole, the least promising way to get any good out of them.

MAX RADIN

Jane Welsh Carlyle

Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle. By Elizabeth Drew. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE, woman of genius sacrificed to the insatiable demands of an egoistic husband, has been a tragic figure rising mainly from the unreliable imagination of James Anthony Froude and afterwards perpetuated by countless sympathizers, including even the emancipated Mr. Lytton Strachey. Mr. D. A. Wilson has done much to correct this false picture, although his view needs the corrective of feminine insight. Such lack Miss Elizabeth Drew's wise and impartial book supplies.

Instead of throttling his wife's creative impulse, as Froude would have us believe, Carlyle encouraged her to find some outlet for her ability. When her friend Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist, urged Mrs. Carlyle to attempt a novel, he wrote: "I have often said you might, with successful effect; but the impulse, the necessity, has mainly to come from within." Her "strong dash of the artistic temperament without any ability to produce art" she displayed in conversation and in letters. Probably no woman of her time was better company in a drawing-room; only Mrs. Browning wrote letters comparable to hers. The charm of both modes of expression consisted in exaggerated and humorous accounts of the Carlyle domestic affairs and satiric portraits of her friends, her husband, and herself. Within the narrow channel of a female world she has had few rivals. But talk and letter-writing alone do not establish genius. Hundreds of women, not married to famous husbands and consequently unknown, have excelled in both. That Mrs. Carlyle was incapable of the sustained effort necessary to fiction Miss Drew makes convincing by an analysis of her mind. From childhood her natural ability was never accompanied by application; her attempts at self-education were spasmodic and emotional. She lacked aesthetic appreciation of painting, music, and the drama, as well as of literature. Her haphazard reading was an amusement, without exercise of the critical faculty. She showed none of the capacity for steady mental conquest which filled the lives of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Nor did she share her husband's burning interest in the big questions of the day that stirred Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Browning. The result of her failure to apply her talent to some kind of work was Mrs. Carlyle's tragedy. She lay on the sofa reading French novels while her husband fought out his "Cromwell," his "Frederick the Great." But what would Froude and his followers have had Carlyle do? If he had been a banker instead of a writer, would they have expected him to retire from business to sit beside his wife's couch and listen to the eloquent recital of her sufferings?

The analysis of a Victorian lady's position is probably the least satisfactory part of Miss Drew's book. Although she gives sufficient background to explain why Mrs. Carlyle made her husband the center of her life, she fails to present a concrete statement of the legal and occupational disqualifications of women. What she does observe, however, is the incongruity of Mrs. Carlyle in the conventional Victorian picture. The woman who used oaths and plain language on occasion, who took "delight in outraging 'delicate femalism' by lunching alone at a restaurant, by riding on top of an omnibus, and on being accosted in the street, to say 'Idiot!' and pass on without any feminine shrinking horror" could hardly get on with the women of her day. Having emptied her life of the traditional amusements of her sex: dress, fashionable tea-drinking, and churchgoing, she had no solid masculine interest with which to fill it. But this was the fault of her age, not of her husband. The importance of this latest study of Mrs. Carlyle lies primarily in its conclusive proof that the marriage was the most satisfactory one possible to human beings with super-sensitive nerves and poor digestions. Their childlessness is likely to be viewed, except by the sentimental and conventional-minded, as a blessing rather than a subject for the unsavory gossip it once aroused. They were unfitted for parenthood. There is no evidence that either husband or wife longed for children. Jane Welsh, in sending a kiss to Irving's baby, via Carlyle, wrote: "I would not do it myself for five guineas. Young children are such nasty little beasts." Carlyle spoke of his books as "our only children"; with which, we might add, the children of famous parents would hardly justify comparison. The marriage was a true union of a shrewd, humorous pair, interested in people, sharing the same opinons. Each was steadily proud of and never bored with the other. Of few marriages—in that age or any other—can so much be said.

WANDA FRAIKEN NEFF

Below the Potomac

The Changing South. By William J. Robertson. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THIS book by a Southern journalist of wide experience now living in the North is an attempt to explain the historic causes of the Solid South, to describe the present state of Southern civilization, and to interpret the social forces making for change below the Potomac. Mr. Robertson is, therefore, an expositor—not an apologist or a glorifier or a devastator. Some of his chapters are a bit thick with platitude, and those on Literature and Education are far from adequate. Yet on the whole "The Changing South" is accurate, informative, outspoken, written from a civilized point of view, and worth reading.

Certainly a new book on the South was needed. There have been reports of Bible leagues, organizations to make the world safe for orthodoxy, drives against modern science, and so on and so on. What mean these things, a non-Southerner might ask, unless it be that the South is a scientific Sahara, backward, benighted? One answer was indeed provided two

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years ago by Mr. Edward Mims in his book, "The Advancing South," in which he showed that the South, despite her oversupply of demagogues and fundamentalist dervishes, is fast moving out of the valley of the shadow of mental death into which she entered at the close of the Civil War. But there was ample room for a fresh treatment of the subject. Besides, Mr. Robertson approaches the South from a different angle, dealing directly with social forces, whereas Mr. Mims told his story mainly through a series of sketches of Southern leaders.

Mr. Robertson makes it plain that the South has more than recovered economically and culturally from the rack of the Civil War and Reconstruction—that economically the South is rich and fast becoming richer. She now, for example, spends in one year over 70 per cent more for public schools than the whole United States spent for such purposes in 1900. But politically one effect of Reconstruction still obtains: the South still votes the Democratic ticket regardless of platforms or candidates. This, according to Mr. Robertson, is out of fear that a split in the party would mean the end of white supremacy. There is some truth in this diagnosis, yet it is not the whole truth. In North Carolina, for instance, there is a sizable Republican Party wholly committed to white supremacy, yet (notwithstanding the fact that North Carolina is the most progressive of the Southern States) a majority of the voters still cling to the Democratic ticket through force of habit and herd compulsion. As a result of the one-party system the South has admittedly suffered a paralysis of political vigor and statesmanship. Mr. Robertson, however, believes that the South will continue to go solidly Democratic (with the exception of a border State now and then) for an indefinite time to come.

But what of fundamentalism? Is the South really the "Bible Belt"? Not more so, Mr. Robertson contends, than is New England, where the Catholics (who, too, believe in an infallible book) outnumber the Protestants nearly five to one. Actually the masses of the Southern people care very little for religion, he argues—probably three-fourths of them never read the Bible at all, while two-thirds of them practically never go to church. For all I know these estimates may be correct, yet they are somewhat misleading, for some of the most bigoted of fundamentalists lack the intellectual energy to peruse the sacred word. Probably the South has made less progress in religion than along any other line. But even here an observer may detect substantial progress; pick up almost any Southern sectarian paper and you will find laments that the younger generation is lapsing into agnosticism and modernism and abandoning the One True Faith. It is just because of this—just because a spirit of liberalism is abroad in the land—that certain orthodox divines have been clamoring for the legislative brakes lest the train of our thought run into the switch of heresy. But fundamentalism reached its apogee at Dayton, and has never been quite so lusty and militant since Mr. Bryan died. Within a decade or two, in my opinion, the fundamentalist dervish will have ceased to be a menace and will remain only as a mountebank who adds to the gaiety of nations.

Obviously no man could write equally well on all phases of life in the South, and, of course, Mr. Robertson does not. His chapter on Literature deserves to be denounced. He gives two pages to Octavus Roy Cohen but seems never to have heard of Gerald Johnson, Emily Clark, Julia Peterkin, and Paul Green; or of *Social Forces*, or of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. His chapter on Education is almost equally open to criticism. A few errors also mar the book. Thomas Jefferson was not a member of the convention that framed the Constitution, North Carolina's white-supremacy amendment was not adopted without a referendum, Edwin A. Alderman's name is not Edwin H. Alderman, J. Thomas Heflin's name is not Thomas D. Heflin, nor did the late Chief Justice Edward D. White ever abbreviate his middle name with an S.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

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Books in Brief

The Portrait of a Man as Governor. By Thomas H. Dickinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The best part of this book is the remarkable introduction by George Foster Peabody, who has the courage to point out that we in America are in danger of being ruled by Fear as a natural consequence of our idolatrous worship of the great god Prosperity. Dr. Dickinson's analysis of Governor Smith seems to us too subtle and too deep. We doubt that the Governor has anything like the subtlety or the depth which he attributes to him. As an attempt to interpret the American political mind of the moment in terms of Al Smith it is none the less interesting. But the question remains whether the Governor himself is not in some degree accidental. And it seems to us that Dr. Dickinson is not always clear in his terms. For instance, what he praises as tolerance would seem to many just that compromising which is the ruination of most public men.

Andrew Jackson: an Epic in Homespun. By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

If contemporary biographies were to be rated according to the grading systems used in most colleges, this one might fairly receive a mark ranging between B and C. On every count—variety of style, selection of material, effectiveness of presentation, and so on—it ranges from fair to good. If it is never really excellent, it at least never descends to the depths of dreadful puerility or dull prurience (there is little to choose between them) in which so many "biographers" now wallow. The further fact that it doesn't "read like a novel" might even persuade some critics to give it a straight B.

The Evolution of Scientific Thought. By A. D'Abro. Boni and Liveright. $5.

This is a thorough, semi-popular exposition of the development and character of modern physics. All of the fundamental ideas employed today are given their historical setting; the reasons for their acceptance, their relationship to those they have displaced, as well as the consequences they entail, are carefully examined, clearly expounded, and intelligently discussed. There is no index—a serious omission in a book of this kind.

Cambric Tea. By Rebecca Lowrie. Harper and Brothers. $2.

This story of various childhood states of consciousness is written in a pleasant, competent, not unfamiliar style. It sustains throughout a tone of idyllic reminiscence, confirming the literary tradition that children move about in a mellow Indian summer atmosphere. Mrs. Lowrie has recollected a great many childish beliefs and emotions whose truth this forgetful reviewer recognizes. Her book will prove extremely valuable to the slightly dishonest novelist who essays to write about a period he doesn't quite remember, and equally valuable to the parent trying to imagine what her wholly incomprehensible child is thinking.

Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne. By F. J. Hudleston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

About a year ago Mr. Hudleston produced a book that boldly undressed a number of doughty warriors, and in this latest volume the stripping process is even more thoroughly employed. One turns the last page feeling that Burgoyne hasn't a rag left; but he nevertheless emerges fully clad in charm. "Gentleman Johnny's" endless gaucheries, his pompous strutings, his preposterous prose, and his veritable genius for being pig-headed are so blended that a very real personage is revealed in a book that is an odd mixture of vast research and painfully puerile humor.

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Nine Essays. By Arthur Platt. Cambridge, England: At the University Press. 8s. 6d.

From 1894 until his death in 1924 Arthur Platt was professor of Greek in the University of London. He published editions of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, translated Aristotle's "De Generatione Animalium," was a close student of syntax and of prosody, was an adept at the business of emending texts, read widely in many literatures, cultivated the friendship of leopards, gnus, and giraffes in the London Zoo, and died almost unknown. The casual essays printed in this volume as a memorial to him do not do him justice, but the portrait, the bibliography, and the brief, vivid memoir by A. E. Housman give the reader an image of the man.

A Comprehensive Guide to Good English. By George Philip Krapp. Rand, McNally and Company.

As a first aid to perplexed writers and speakers, at least in America, this is the best guide that has ever been compiled. It is constructed on sound principles, is remarkably full, makes few concessions to the traditional superstitions of the self-made "authorities" on English, throws no verbal handsprings, does not elevate the author's own preferences to the dignity of linguistic law, is short and plain in statement, and is alphabetically arranged. A few blunders, such as the explanation of "to sleep the sleep of the just" as meaning "to die" and a curious misinterpretation of a passage from Sir Thomas Browne, in no way injure the general accuracy and usefulness of the book.

Art

Andrée Ruellan

IN the caverns at Altamira wise children of the cavemen painted boars and wild oxen in drawings that said nothing but "Oh, see the animal—he looks like this to me." This is perhaps the ultimate attitude of the artist, plastic or otherwise, and the reason for his perennial conflict with the politician, who is occupied in telling us not what the world is but what it ought to be.

Andrée Ruellan, whose show at the Weyhe Gallery opened April 16, and who is probably the best and certainly the most promising of the group of younger American painters who have made their homes in Paris, follows in the tradition of this scrupulously objective viewpoint. After so much art that is either soft and sentimental, or hard and mechanical, it is a comfort to see Miss Ruellan's work, that is at once alive and as precise and accurate as the slice of a surgeon's knife. Delicacy and precision are the two chief qualities of this young artist—if it is true, as someone has alleged, that El Greco painted as he did because he was astigmatic, Miss Ruellan's eyes should register almost twenty-twentieths on an optometrist's scale. But having said so much, it is difficult to say anything further—painting of this sort that is most remote from literature can be expressed in its own media, but not very well in words.

Having seen some of these canvases separately on the walls of other galleries, I was not fully prepared for the impression of individuality they would make in this, the painter's first important American show. Here within their frames one is admitted into a world, clear, graceful, amazingly charming—tangible—accurate and sensitively balanced as the world of an animal, rather than that of a gifted child. For Miss Ruellan's style, like that of Pamela Bianco, although it has undoubtedly not reached its final stage of development, has no immaturity about it; one is dealing here with the first work of a fully arrived and unusual talent.

This is especially true of the drawings, which display a skill, a finish, and a fineness of platic feeling that would be

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FREEDOM OF SPEECH

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, Jr.

THE INQUIRING MIND

This book is intended to collect in accessible form the author's articles on liberty of thought and other constitutional questions, most of which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his "Freedom of Speech." Readers who liked that book will find this useful in bringing down to date several of the issues there discussed.

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difficult anywhere to surpass. Before this exhibition I was under the impression that Miss Ruellan was a better draftsman than painter—some of the earlier canvases, seen separately, seemed a little too generally "modern French," with a dash of the clean flatness of treatment of plane surfaces taken from Picasso. But there is a definite development to be noted here in flexibility and expressiveness—some of the later canvases, as number 10, Landscape, and number 11, Quartier du Vallonet, Cagnes, even begin to show traces of temperament, which the others can scarcely be said to have. From the painter's rather astonishing gift of accurate rendition, combined with her artistic honesty and power, one would expect that she might be one of those destined to reclaim the classic art of the portrait, so flourishing in all the great ages of painting, but lately sunk to a profession instead of an art.

If one feels obliged to play the carping critic and look for faults or defects in these pictures, it is difficult to find them, though it is true that limitations appear. For a reason which I do not myself quite understand, these paintings and drawings seem at times almost painfully strained through the sieve of a certain point of view. It is not merely that something is absent from these pictures—something has been deliberately repressed. I have heard painters—who after all are inarticulate creatures—express what I think is the same reaction by saying that these pictures were far too clever. But it is impossible for a painting to be too clever—too good, too skilful—unless that skilfulness is used to cover some other lack. It is almost as though Miss Ruellan had stretched a skin of beauty and grace so tightly over her work as to smother the life within.

Miss Ruellan has looked at her tempered world and found it pretty, found it lovely, cherishable, full of grace and charm. One wonders whether her technique would prove capable of handling the real world, with a material not quite so rigidly selected for its sweetness and picturesqueness. One wishes sometimes that it were possible to explode a stick of dynamite in the midst of one of these neat and well-ordered landscapes. If this young artist sets herself the task of finding beauty in a world that includes signboards, parked automobiles, and factory chimneys, as well as warts and double chins, she will, unless she evades the issue by dealing with such things purely for their picturesque qualities, confront herself with a problem that will make or break her style. ROBERT WOLF

Drama

THE players at the Cherry Lane Playhouse deserve praise for their intelligent handling of Andreev's "The Waltz of the Dogs." With keen appreciation and fine support Harold Johnsrud ably interprets the tragic and distracting humor of a successful young Russian bank executive who, after disappointment in love, is driven to final suicide. This play, of course, is not likely to get any nearer to Broadway than its present location; but by that same token it is a fair answer to those Broadway theater followers who sometimes ask disparagingly: "What is the use of a Greenwich Village theater?"

W. P. M.

In "Box Seats" (Little Theater) the efforts of Hazel Lawrence, a fallen woman, to secure for her daughter a box-seat position in life make the shopworn theme of a shabbily constructed drama. Not a sin in the category of the playwright is left out, not a moral goes wrong, and not an actor misses his own pet melodramatic opportunity. R. L.

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Saturday May 12 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., at luncheon at the Elks' Club at 12:30. All Nation readers and the public generally are cordially invited to be present.
For further information address Edward J. Lee, 822 Lumber Exchange.

Monday May 14 DULUTH, MINN., at dinner at the Elks' Club at 6:30.
For further information address A. J. Zoerb, Providence Building.

Tuesday May 15 MILWAUKEE, WIS., at dinner at the Hotel Pfister at 7 o'clock.
For further information address Mrs. Hilda S. Polacheck, 1087 Frederick Avenue.

Wednesday May 16 CHICAGO, ILL., at dinner in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. For reservations address Miss Esther Szold, Cliff Tea Room, 120 South Clark Street. Program to be announced later.

Tuesday May 22 PITTSBURGH, PA., at the Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association at 8:30. Frank C. Harper, chairman. Open to the public. Admission free.

Wednesday May 23 CLEVELAND, OHIO, at dinner at the Hollenden Hotel at 6:30.
For further information address Peter Witt, Leader Building.

Saturday May 26 ALBANY, N. Y., at dinner at Channing Hall at 6:30.
For further information address Harold P. Winchester, J. B. Lyon Co.

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International Relations Section

Irredentism in Hungary

By MARY NOEL ARROWSMITH

"HUNGARIANS Bear Patiently Dismemberment of Former Kingdom." So runs a surprising headline over an American newspaper article written by a visitor to Budapest. A Hungarian friend to whom the article had been sent remarked to me indignantly: "We *don't* bear it patiently, and we don't want people to think we are going to!" Indeed, among all the sore spots in Europe today, nowhere is there less resignation to suffering than in the ancient kingdom of the Magyars.

It is charged by opponents of the present regime that the basis of irredentist propaganda in Hungary is the determination of the great landowners to get back their immense latifundia, expropriated by the Succession States, and so to perpetuate on a large scale the semi-feudal system which still exists. It is hard to escape this conclusion. Nevertheless, irredentism colors every important domestic and foreign issue and forms a powerful weapon in the arsenal of the present government. By playing upon the emotion which reference to Hungary's lost territories never fails to arouse, by keeping the attention of the people focused upon the dangers, real or imaginary, which threaten the country on every side, the Horthy-Bethlen Government has achieved at least apparent solidarity and, by these and other means, dictatorial power. The Premier has recently tried to curb the more extravagant expressions of the irredentist spirit, realizing the harm done thereby to the country's interests abroad, but it is rather late in the day to begin.

The campaign of irredentist propaganda is carried on with great cleverness and tireless ingenuity by the government and by agencies which are in many cases governmentally subsidized. The deepest patriotic and religious feelings of the people are appealed to, and the appeal is embodied in the solemn words of the Hungarian national creed:

> I believe in one God,
> I believe in one Fatherland,
> I believe in one eternal justice,
> I believe in the resurrection of Hungary from the dead.
> Amen!

The bitter cry of "Nem, Nem, Soha!" (No, No, Never!), while it is still in evidence on door-plates, maps, posters, and post cards, has largely given way to this other, soberer appeal to the faith of the people that sometime, somehow, Hungary will be restored to her former glory. As the author of the poem of which the creed is a part writes, "Faith is Strength! He who believes, conquers." This is the foundation-stone of Hungarian irredentism, an exceedingly strong one tactically speaking, for how could even Hungary's enemies object to such a profession of faith? Nothing is said about recovering her lost territories—her "resurrection from the dead" may mean only the rising of the country from the slough of despond into which it has sunk and the quickening and rejuvenating of the life of the nation. But no one can be in Hungary for long without knowing that no "resurrection" is contemplated which does not restore the unredeemed territories.

The generation of adults who went through the war and have felt the consequences of the peace are not likely to forget. Thousands of Hungarians formerly living in Slovakia or Transylvania are now living within the borders of mutilated Hungary. Thousands of others have friends and relatives still in the "occupied territories," as many Hungarians still insist upon calling their severed provinces. They do not need a campaign of propaganda to make them cling to the idea of restoration. But what of the children? They must not be allowed to grow up without a sense of their lost heritage into a passive acceptance of the country's fate. In every country the public school is the accepted medium for propaganda of whatever sort the government sees fit to carry on, and Hungary has nothing to learn in this respect. Courses in history, geography, and civics denounce the Treaty of the Trianon and emphasize the fact that the lost territories still belong, morally and historically, to Hungary. The following quotation from a civics textbook illustrates the prevailing spirit:

> Just as truly as it is our duty to preserve unimpaired the territory left to us by our forefathers since our national honor demands it, so it is also certain that while there is on this earth one Hungarian arm to be raised [in the defense of the country] no nation can steal from us a single grain of dust. Even if our national minorities are generously allowed to keep their national characteristics, everything within the inherited boundaries of Hungary, air, meadow, hill, forest, valley, lake, river, stream, light and fragrance, feeling and thought, must be until the end of time only Magyar!

Geography is taught as it was before the war, the distinction being drawn between the present "political" boundaries and the "actual" boundaries. Maps are imprinted with the national creed, the "Nem, Nem, Soha!" or a couplet also used widely as an irredentist slogan: "Mutilated Hungary is no Kingdom. Whole Hungary is the Kingdom of Heaven." The Trianon boundary is usually traced so faintly that the map looks as it did before its dismemberment. Readers are full of irredentist verse, of which the following is a sample:

LET US PRAY

> Children, rest for a moment,
> Fold your hands together
> And remember in prayer
> The North, the South, and the East.
>
> In the sad Hungarian lands now lost to us,
> Who knows how many children are even now
> Praying, too—but in secret,
> While tears steal from their eyes.
>
> Their prayers rise to high heaven,
> While tears stream from their eyes:
> "Dear God, our lost country—
> When shall it again be free?"

By decree of the Ministry of Religion and Public Instruction the national creed is recited twice a day, at the beginning and end of the school session in every school, the children standing with bowed heads and folded hands. At school festivals the whole poem is repeated.

Outside the classroom the younger generation is reached through the various young people's organizations, chief of which are the Junior Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and the

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Levente, the latter a physical-culture society to which all boys between fourteen and twenty-one who are not in school are compelled to belong. In visiting a school on one of the great Hungarian estates I saw a pile of wooden rifles, which the superintendent of the estate explained were for the "Leventek" (heroes). Picking one up and aiming it he said laughingly: "We must do this until we get back what belongs to us." The activities of the Red Cross Juniors and the Scouts are of course similar to those of other countries, but even here irredentism creeps in. In an issue of the Junior Red Cross magazine, the children are urged to take part in the international correspondence with Juniors of other lands, so that "when next statesmen are gathered around the green table" happy memories of childhood associations will influence them in favor of "poor orphan Hungary."

National holidays and other special occasions provide opportunities for irredentist propaganda which are never disregarded. In 1926 the three-hundredth anniversary of the defeat of Hungary by the Turks in the Battle of Mohacs furnished an effective parallel to her present situation: just as Hungary rose from the ruins of a defeat which dismembered the nation and brought it under foreign rule, even so will she rise from her defeat and dismemberment in the World War. Last June was the seventh anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of the Trianon. For weeks beforehand Budapest was placarded with the following legend:

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?

On June 4 it will be Seven Years!

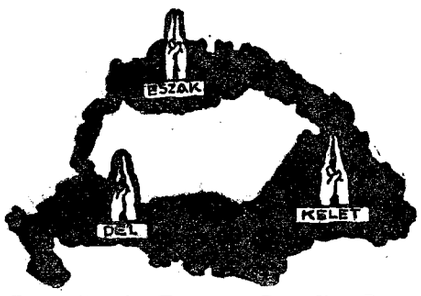
Remember, and make everyone else remember, what happened on that day, and

WEAR THIS BADGE AS A SIGN OF PROTEST!

The badge was a cross with "Trianon" on the arms and a flaming torch rising from the center.

Perhaps the most striking expression of irredentist feeling which I found in a year's stay in the country was a ceremony held in connection with the Resurrection Service on the Saturday preceding Easter. After the service a procession of patriotic societies and representatives of the Hungarian high nobility in their gorgeous national costumes left the great Basilica of St. Stephen headed by the bishop carrying aloft the Host and followed by a figure of the Risen Christ. In perfect silence the procession wound its way through the streets to the Square of Freedom behind Parliament, where the four irredentist statues have been set up, each representing one of the lost parts of Hungary. Before each statue the bishop raised the Host, while the magnates following after dipped the colors that each carried and a military band played the solemn national anthem. Who among the crowds could fail to believe that the recovery of the lost provinces was a religious as well as a patriotic duty?

"Let Us Pray."



Decoration for Verses on Preceding Page

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Heresy in Japan

By EDWARD W. HUNTER

Tokio, Japan, March 8

THE subjects of Japan, nationally referred to as the "dear children of the Emperor," are coming of age. They are chafing under the rigors of parental rule, and, like all restless young men and women, assume they already have reached full maturity. But on the occasion of the recent election held under the general manhood-suffrage law on February 20, the Japanese people were given a severe heart-to-heart parental talking-to. The aftermath of this reproof eclipsed the election itself in importance, and gives promise of becoming one of the turning-points in the lives of this populace of more than 80,000,000.

> The Cabinet of Japan is organized by the Emperor in accordance with the provisions of the imperial constitution. It does not follow, therefore, as in foreign countries, that the party which secures the largest number of seats in the Diet is necessarily given the power.

This was the strict admonition given to the people on the night before the election by the man in whose keeping are the morals and upbringing of the masses, Dr. Kisaburo Suzuki, the Home Minister. The reaction was startling. The public was dazed, and cast its votes on election day with all previous political and social controversies forgotten. The Home Minister laid down his doctrine without reservations. His statement continued:

> Since its founding the Seiyukai has always advocated the principle of regarding the Emperor as the head of the nation, whereas the Minseito declares: "Politics with the Imperial Diet as the center should be our practice." This is a dangerous idea which runs counter to the spirit of the constitution. The governing of Japan is done by the Emperor. Nobody should question this fact.
>
> The Minseito's idea is borrowed from England and America, where democracy prevails, but it is not compatible with the national character of the Japanese empire. The people of Japan must be calm in their approach to the problem and must help realize the smooth working of the imperial constitution. They must be loyal to the Emperor.

The first reaction of the press and the nation was entirely against the statement. "Dr. Suzuki should be ridiculed as having no idea of parliamentary principles," declared the powerful Tokio *Asahi*. "It is lamentable that on this felicitous occasion the Home Minister issued an amazing statement that parliamentary government is Anglo-Saxonism and is contradictory to our fundamental principles. . . . We are afraid that Dr. Suzuki is not equal to the great duty of parliamentary government and he should not be allowed to remain Home Minister," stated the august Osaka *Mainichi*. "We condemn the unusual statement of Dr. Suzuki as imprudent . . . the influence upon the public mind will be serious," said the liberal *Jiji*.

The party in power, of which Dr. Suzuki is a member, was momentarily shaken. Public opinion was about to be felt. Then it was that the second reaction set in, caused not by the statement of Dr. Suzuki, but by the sudden realization of the masses that a political dispute had been started in which the name of the Emperor was involved. Just what this means in Japan cannot be fully realized by an Anglo-Saxon. Public feeling began to turn toward Dr. Suzuki.

THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA—SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers, and business men has seen revolutionary Russia. Still fewer Russians have visited America. A Russian or American in the other's country has the status of a visitor from Mars.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, toured Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. The same organizations are again sending a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

Time in Russia: 3, 4, 5 or 6 weeks.
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Sailings: June 16, 23, 30 and July 7.
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AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH NAN BRITTON AND "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER" appearing exclusively in the

HALDEMAN-JULIUS MONTHLY
"The Debunking Magazine"

The candid story of Nan Britton's affair with President Harding will appear in the May, June and July issues of the Haldeman-Julius Monthly. It will consist of four articles, including one written by Nan Britton herself. In the May issue two able critics, Isaac Goldberg and E. W. Howe, discuss Nan Britton's claims as set forth in her book, "The President's Daughter." The discussion is followed in the June issue with an article by Fred Bair, special Haldeman-Julius correspondent, who interviews Nan Britton and her eight-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, the "illegitimate" child of President Harding. It is an exclusive authorized interview that wideawake people will want to read. In the July issue Nan Britton herself contributes an article, "Why I Wrote 'The President's Daughter'."

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1928

Notorious Sacco-Vanzetti Case, by W. P. Norwin.
How I Went to the Devil, by Clay Fulks.
The Case for Science, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Truth About the Tobacco Habit, by T. Swann Harding.
Are Americans Afraid of Sex? by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Address of a Southern Candidate for Governor, by Sanford Jarrell.
I'm a School Teacher, But Don't Tell Anybody, by Wm. Cunningham.
Small-Town Gossips and Their Ways, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Moulders of Modern American Thought, by T. Swann Harding.
How to Grab Publicity, by Sanford Jarrell.
When the K.K.K. Invaded the High Schools of Kansas, by L. N. Hatfield.
Glenn Frank and Free Speech, by E. Haldeman-Julius.
Are You a Liberal? by George Saville.
Grandees of Puzzledom, by Fred Bair.
And other articles.

FORTHCOMING ARTICLES

Miami's Reign of Violence, by Gerard Harrington.
Must We Go to the Gutter for Our Knowledge of Sex? by Isaac Goldberg.
Putting Punch in Your Personality, by Ballard Brown.
John Roach Straton, Witch Doctor of Gotham, by E. W. Hutter.
Dean Inge—an Honest Churchman, by Louis Adamic.
War—What For? by Clay Fulks.
Reasons for Dishonesty in Advertising, by a Newspaper Publicity Director.
A Dinner With Billy Sunday, by William Bedford.
A Tabloid Crusades Vice in Philadelphia, by Louis P. Monte.
The Art of Being Lazy, by Sanford Jarrell.
"You're Pretty Bad, America," Says Canada, by Ruben Levin.
No Tears for Babbitt, by David Warren Ryder.
The Wonderful West, by Pearl Swan Powell.
I Debate With John Roach Straton, by Maynard Shipley.
And many other candid articles.

The blank on the right will enable you to read these and many other articles equally interesting. THE HALDEMAN-JULIUS MONTHLY costs only $1.50 a year ($2 Canadian and foreign), and in addition to the remarkably low price, we will send you a book, "STUDIES IN RATIONALISM," by E. Haldeman-Julius, FREE if you subscribe using this blank.
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Advertisements appeared in the Japanese papers, half-page and full-page display ads, pointing out that the incursion of foreign ideas was a danger, that the constitution of Japan really did support Dr. Suzuki, that his warning was timely.

Then, a fortnight after the general elections, court action was started. Leading members of the chief opposition party as well as labor members were accused of lese majeste! The reactionary political party which is all-powerful, the Kan-Kokukai, pressed the case. Bin Akao and Tatsuo Tsukui, both directors of the Kan-Kokukai, lodged the first charges in their names in the Local Court of Tokio, accusing Ikuo Oyama, chief of the right wing of the Farmer-Labor party, and Hisashio Asoo, chief of the left wing of the same group, and promising prompt action against others. In the latter case the charges are based upon the following statement, which in the West would seem mild enough:

> We are resolved to fight the reactionary tendency shown by the Home Minister in his remarkable statement on party government, as our immediate purpose is to help establish government based on the will of the populace.

The objectionable quotation in the statements of the Farmer-Labor right wing follows:

> The upholders of the existing system, taking advantage of an autocratic constitution, are determined to obstruct the development of proletarian parties. We are thereby resolved to fight for parliamentary government in pursuance of our platform, whose main plank calls for increased political freedom for the peasants and farmers.

The advertisement placed in all the principal newspapers by the Kan-Kokukai follows in translation:

> In its party platform the chief opposition party [Minseito] advocates the policy of regarding the Imperial Diet as the center of politics to the utter neglect of the Emperor, who is the head of the nation. This is an impertinence which should not be pardoned.
>
> The statement of the Home Minister seriously affected the honor of the opposition, but the latter party adopted a counter measure by characterizing the Home Minister's utterances as a repudiation of the Imperial Diet. We are neither supporters nor enemies of the Government Party [the Seiyukai], but since the matter concerns the honor and prestige of the country we take this opportunity of clearing the controversy.
>
> We refuse to see the power of legislation and government placed in the Imperial Diet. The rights of sovereignty are held by the Emperor, and the Emperor is sacred and inviolable. This is provided in the imperial constitution of Japan, which should not be challenged.
>
> The opposition [Minseito] offers an excuse for its impertinence and says that, although not specially stated, the phrase "under the reign of the Emperor" is implied in its party platform. But we do not accept this, as it limits the sovereignty of the Emperor. . . .
>
> We desire that the people of Japan will judge which side is fair and just. The foundation of the Japanese empire will be shaken unless the sentiment of the people is consolidated in the right direction.

This controversy is discussed by the major portion of the public *sotto voce*. In a nation in which the term "dangerous thoughts" is taken seriously, acted upon strenuously, and quoted by the general public, a dispute over such a delicate matter as the powers of the Emperor, who is "sacred and inviolable," would have been unheard of only a few years ago. More "dangerous thoughts" have been released in this discussion than the police have suppressed in their ruthless campaigns of the last year.

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